

THOU FOOL
AND
ELEVEN OTHER SERMONS
BY
DWIGHT L. MOODY



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“THOU FOOL!”

“THOU FOOL!”

AND ELEVEN OTHER SERMONS
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

BY THE LATE
DWIGHT L. MOODY

America's Greatest Evangelist



THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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A CONSECRATED LIFE

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THE LATE EVANGELIST MOODY AND HIS WORK FOR THE MASTER

“**S**OME day you will be told that Moody is dead. Don't believe a word of it. At that very moment I shall be more truly alive than I am now. I shall then be beginning to live. I was born of the flesh on February 5, 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which was born of the flesh will die, of course; but that which is born of the Spirit will live forever.”

These were the words of America's greatest Evangelist, spoken at a meeting in 1898. He passed away on December 22, 1899.

The man who was to address the largest audiences ever gathered for religious teaching, who was destined to win souls in numbers so enormous, came out of a little New England village, with no advantages of education and no ecclesiastical or academic training for his work. Almost within sight of the home at Northfield, in which he died, was the humble cottage in which he first saw the light. His father died suddenly, leaving nine children for his widow to support on a mortgaged farm. Mr. Moody

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often spoke in later years of the splendid courage his honored mother displayed in the emergency. It must have been a hard struggle, but her children stood by her loyally. "Dwight used to think himself a man when he was only a boy," his mother used to say in after years.

When only six years old he went to a farmer and engaged himself as a hired help, his duty being to drive the cows to and from their pasture morning and evening. The sturdy independence of the lad was astonishing in one of his age. He worked on the farm, getting such educational help as the village school afforded until he was seventeen, when he felt that the time had come for him to enter a wider sphere. His mother had a brother in Boston engaged in the shoe business, and to him young Moody went to get employment. The wise man accepted his nephew's offer, but made three conditions. The boy must live in a boarding-house of his uncle's selection; he must not wander about the city in the evening, nor go to places of amusement of which his uncle did not approve; and he must regularly attend the Mount Vernon church and Sunday School. The boy agreed to all and honorably kept his bargain. The third condition appears to have been a little irksome at first, but before two years had passed

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Dwight L. Moody was an applicant for membership in the church, and was admitted.

In the fall of 1856 Mr. Moody removed to Chicago, where he found employment as clerk in a shoe store. He united with the Plymouth Congregational Church and volunteered for Sunday School work. He does not appear to have met with much encouragement. He surprised the trustees by hiring four pews, which was an unusual thing for a bachelor to do. But it was his habit to look up any young men whom he could get acquainted with, and he would invite them to occupy his pews. They were filled at every service. He also found a little mission church in North Wells street which seemed to be in need of help, and he offered his services as a teacher in the Sunday School. He was told that there were already teachers for all the classes, but if he would bring new pupils he could form another class. The next Sunday he marched in at the head of eighteen barefooted children, whom he had collected out of the slums. Each one, he reminded the superintendent, had a soul to be saved, unpromising as the material looked. The class grew so rapidly and received additions of so many older members, that Mr. Moody rented an empty saloon for its accommodation.

In a short time he had a Sunday School of his

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own, with seven hundred children and sixty teachers. Larger quarters becoming necessary, Mr. Moody obtained the use of a large room over the old North Market, which was used on Saturday nights for dancing. After the dances were over, Mr. Moody took possession of the room and with his own hands swept and cleaned it and prepared it for the meeting of the Sunday School. He also opened it for a week evening service, to which, in some way known only to himself, he brought a motley audience. Like his Master he sought out the neglected and the lost, and found his hearers among the heathen of the city. So fascinated did he become in this work, that he took the bold step of giving up his business to devote all his time to it. "But how are you going to live?" asked a practical friend, to whom he announced the step he had taken. "I don't know," Mr. Moody replied, "but I can stand it for several weeks, and if at the end of that time God wishes me to keep on, he will provide the means. He can, you know." Mr. Moody's faith was justified by results. In a short time the work outgrew its quarters, and Mr. John V. Farwell came to its relief by erecting Farwell Hall, which had accommodations for the Y. M. C. A. as well as for Mr. Moody's mission.

The outbreak of the Civil War turned Mr. Moody's attention temporarily in another di-

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rection. He visited the camps and made addresses to the soldiers. There he first realized his power as a speaker and acquired that manly, argumentative style of talk which characterized all his subsequent addresses. After the war he resumed his evangelizing of the slums of Chicago. Farwell Hall was burned, but Mr. Moody refused to regard the destruction as an intimation that his work there was ended. While the ruins were still smoking, he was around among the business men of the city with a subscription paper, and as soon as it was possible to occupy the ground, he had the funds in hand for the erection of a new building, and the plans for it in the builders' hands.

The mission grew with such rapidity that in 1863 it was necessary to erect a church building. Mr. Moody married, and a career of increasing usefulness and prosperity as a city pastor appeared to be opening before him. The great fire, however, changed that prospect. Mr. Moody was called to serve in the great cities, and to minister to the church universal. The great meetings in the Hippodrome, New York, convinced him, if he had needed conviction, of the character of his future work.

It is unnecessary to tell here the story of his campaigns, in which, accompanied by Mr. Ira D.

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Sankey, he went to every city, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf. On the other side the Atlantic the triumphs were as great. No buildings were large enough to hold the people who thronged to hear a plain man, in strong, forcible Anglo-Saxon words, explain the way of salvation. Wherever he spoke, either in his own land or across the Atlantic, the common people heard him gladly; and men like Drummond and Gladstone, highly educated as they were, sat at his feet delighted.

Exhausting as such labors were, Mr. Moody's energies were not satisfied. The enterprises at Northfield testify to his boundless activity. The Seminary for Girls, established in 1879, was the beginning of an educational work which has developed with phenomenal rapidity. The Chicago Institute, the School for Boys at Mount Hermon, and the numerous buildings at Northfield — which make up a town of themselves — are all memorials of the devotion and consecration with which he applied himself to the Master's service. Nor did these alone exhaust his energy. In later years his summer schools — in which many a minister gained new inspiration for his work — won for him the gratitude of the churches. Besides these, his pen was always busy, and his Colportage Library penetrated with its Gospel literature to every corner

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of the English-speaking world. To the last moment of his life he was devising new methods of service, and was looking forward to labors still more abundant.

In the course of a noble eulogy at the funeral service, Bishop Mallalieu paid this glowing tribute to the great Evangelist: —

“The heart of no disciple of the Master ever beat with more genuine, sympathetic, and utterly unselfish loyalty than did this great heart. Because he held fast to the absolute truth of the Bible, and unequivocally and intensely believed it to be the inerrant Word of God; because he preached the Gospel rather than talked about the Gospel; because he used his mother tongue, the terse, clear, ringing, straightforward Saxon; because he had the profoundest sense of brotherhood with all poor, unfortunate, and even outcast people; because he was unaffectedly tender and patient with the weak and sinful; because he hated evil as thoroughly as he loved goodness; because he knew right how to lead penitent souls to the Saviour; because he had the rare and happy art of arousing Christian people to the performance of their duties; because he had in his own soul a conscious, joyous experience of personal salvation, the people flocked to his services, they heard him gladly, they were led to Christ, and he came

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to be prized and honored by all denominations, so that Protestantism recognizes the fact that he was God's servant, an ambassador of Christ, and, indeed, a chosen vessel to bear the name of Jesus to the nations."

“THOU FOOL!” *

“Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee.”

LUKE xii. 20.

LET us all hear what the Saviour has to say. It is recorded in the 12th Chapter of Luke, 16th verse: “And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.”

Some people think it harsh that the Saviour should call a man a “fool.” When a man is called a fool in the Bible, it means that he lacks

* Preached at Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., Feb. 25, 1897.

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spiritual discernment, or that he is living without God, or that he is a man that makes a mock at sin, or a man that says: “There is no God.”

Now, we find that this man, in the sight of others, was what we would call “a very successful man.” You might call him “a noble man.” I haven’t any doubt that he stood well in the community where he lived. We locate him in the valley of the Jordan. He, perhaps, had one of the best farms there was in the valley. He lived in the most wonderful day of the world’s history. There never were before him just such days, and never have been since. I can imagine that John the Baptist preached in sight of his house. From his front door he could see the great crowd flocking, day after day, out into the desert place to hear this wonderful preacher. Or, John came from the wilderness of Judea day after day into that valley, and it may have been that this man’s farm was so near that he could hear that voice as it rang out from John’s lips up and down the valley, “Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!” It may have been that the Saviour, after John was beheaded, preached there also, within a quarter of a mile of that man’s farm. When he sent out the Seventy, two by two, they may have come into that man’s neighbor-

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hood to preach; and I haven't any doubt but that he said, like a great many business men today: "I can't go to hear that preacher; business must be attended to. I must look after my farm. I'm piling up wealth for this life." I don't know of any more honorable occupation than that of the farmer. This man's business was all right; you can't find any fault with it.

Now, there are some things that we're not told. We aren't told he was a dishonest man, or in trouble, or that he went into stocks and speculated, and made his money in that way, or that he cheated the widow, or that he failed and paid "fifty cents on the dollar," or that he rented his property for brothels or wine shops. I'll venture to say that if you had lived near by, you'd have found all his neighbors speaking very highly of him, and calling him "a very shrewd, long-headed, successful business man." He had good stock from Egypt, and some from Syria. No one found fault with his stock. He had the best cattle in the valley — and no man had better horses or mules. He had the very best sheep in that region. The farm was "kept up"; fences all right; beautiful shade trees; beautiful lawn in front of the house — everything very trim and orderly. Perhaps some one — some of you — may say: "That man is good enough; let him alone." I venture to

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state that if he had been a Bostonian, they would have made him an Elder or a Deacon. As became a successful man, a prosperous man, he had a good record! He didn't get drunk. His character stood very, very high. His word was as good as his bond. All the men he employed spoke well of him. They never thought of a strike, for they liked him.

You can't really find anything against this man's character, can you? And yet the Saviour calls that man a FOOL. What's the trouble? It strikes me that the trouble's right here: That man worked, and owned, and planned. From the cradle to the grave, just this little, short, brief time marked all life held for him! He knew nothing, or cared nothing, about another life. He might have gone to church; might have gone to Jerusalem to all the religious feasts; he might have paid his tithe; he might have been an orthodox Jew. He observed all the outward forms, because that would give him respectability, and standing, and position. And yet, with all that, the Saviour says, he was a FOOL.

There's a passage somewhere in the Bible that says, "What is highly esteemed of man is an abomination to God." God looks at things differently from man. It seems to me better that a man should never have been born than

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to live and die for this world, and take no thought of the life that's to come.

I picture this man in his drawing-room one night. He had a master-builder come in with some plans. He's going to take down his old barns and build larger. Well, there's no harm in that! A great deal better to build up new barns than to drink up the old ones. If he had been a drunkard, he would have drunk up all the buildings. Oh, how he lights up! He talks about the best farm in the valley. I have seen such farmers as they planned for two years ahead. They wanted to have better barns than any in town. This man is going to have the best barn in the whole valley of the Jordan. His wife says, "I'll to bed; the children have all gone." But he sits up till midnight, laying plans, and he says to his soul: "Soul, take thine ease." The old clock strikes out the day's last hour; and the builder says: "I must go; my wife is awaiting me." He bids Squire Simeon "Good night," and is off. But Simeon has got so excited over the barn that he can't sleep. He's going to sit up longer. It is one o'clock — the doors are all closed, the blinds fastened, everything quiet and silent. No sound of a foot-fall, but a stranger makes his appearance, and Simeon looks up, and says, "O Death! You haven't come to call me

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away thus suddenly, have you?” “Yes, this night thy soul must be required of thee.” “O Death! Don’t take me so suddenly; let me have a little time to get ready, to set my house in order, to prepare to meet my God!” “Oh, but you’ve had all the years, all the time; your time is up. You must go tonight!” “O Death! Stay thine hand — give me a year!” “No; you can’t bribe me,” says Death. “But you never warned me.” “Yes: your father is gone, and he died younger than you. Your mother is gone; your first-born — didn’t I give you warning when I took him? And last week you attended the funeral of your neighbor, your next-door neighbor; you’ve been in nearly all the houses about here attending funerals for the past twenty-five years. I ought not to be a stranger to you. You knew I was coming, but you didn’t take me into your calculations.” “Oh, let me call my family, and let me bid them adieu.” “No! Now I must take you!” And Death lays his hand on the farmer; and, lo! his heart ceases to beat, and in a little while his body turns cold. His head is bowed on his breast, as he sits in his chair. His wife, nor any of the family, hears a sound. Death has come in so quietly that not one of the family heard his step.

The morning breaks, and the servants begin

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to move around. The servant whose business it was to keep the house in order comes into the drawing-room, and opens the door; she sees her master is asleep, and says: “I’ll not wake him.” But soon the wife awakes. “Where is my husband? Perhaps he has had some trouble with his heart.” The wife is alarmed. She dresses in haste and calls the servants. “Have you seen the Master?” “No!” She didn’t call the right servant. She calls another. While she’s dressing, the servant that had gone to the drawing-room comes in, and says: “Yes, the Master is asleep. He fell asleep in his chair last night.” The wife is wild with trouble; she’s afraid it may be something other than sleep, and hastens to the room, and puts her hand on his forehead — it is cold as marble! He’s been gone for hours! The alarm soon passes through the house. The children come in weeping. Soon the neighbors hear of it. In that hot country they couldn’t long keep his body. That day he is buried! They lay him away in his grave. There’s a funeral; perhaps an oration delivered. He’s held up as a sort of beacon to guide young men in the ways of the man whose life had been so successful. It may be that they built a great monument to his memory. It may be there was a great lawsuit and that the lawyers got

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all he had “laid up.” That’s often the way of it now-a-days. And the Angel comes down and writes upon that monument: “FOOL!”

My friends, if you went into the cemeteries, and looked upon the tombstones, and could see what God has written on them, how many times you’d see the word, “FOOL.” “FOOL.” May God wake us up today, that we may be wiser than that man was; that we may plan a little further than just from the cradle to the grave! It’s too short a journey. It’s soon over. And I pity, down deep in my heart, any man or woman that’s just living for this little, brief time, and making a wreck of it all. Now, I want to call your attention to the mistake that this man made. Let us say that he neglected his soul’s salvation. Do you know that the greatest calamities of life come upon us by neglect? A man cries out: “What have I done?” Supposing you have done nothing but neglect your soul’s salvation?

A few weeks before the Chicago fire I went to see a doctor about a little child that I was told was going to lose its sight. The mother came in with the beautiful baby, and said: “Doctor, my child hasn’t had its eyes open for days. Will you see what’s the trouble with it?” And the doctor put a little salve upon the eyelids, and presently he answered: “Your child is

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blind! It has not seen for three days; it will never see again.” When that truth flashed upon the mother, there came up a wail from her heart that made the doctor and myself weep. We could not help it. She pressed the child to her bosom. “Oh, my darling! You can never again see the mother that gave you birth!” And the doctor told me that if the mother had brought the child to him a few days before, it could have been saved. The mother had neglected the child until its sight was lost. There’s not a mother here today whose heart doesn’t go out towards that other mother. Each says: “Oh, how I pity her!” But it is ten thousand times worse to neglect the soul of your child — the soul, the soul! And that’s what this prosperous man did. He took good care of his body, clothed it, laid up good store for it, and said, “Soul, soul, take thine ease!” But he neglected his eternal interests and made shipwreck of his life. And there are scores and scores of such wrecked lives. You know we lost some battles in the Civil War because sentinels neglected to give warning. That was all! A man may be tried and shot in the army if he neglects his post — neglects his duty. It seems to me, there’s no greater neglect than this neglect of our eternal welfare. Neglect your health, and you’ll soon come to decay. Ne-

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glect your business, and you are soon ruined. Can you afford to neglect your soul — your SOUL? And, you see, that's the sin of thousands in Boston today. Isn't that the sin of hundreds in this hall today? They are neglecting their soul's salvation!

They tell a story of an Indian on the Niagara River. The paddle lay at the bottom of his canoe. He was asleep, perhaps dreaming of beautiful hunting grounds, or of his wigwam, when, all at once, he heard the waters thundering over Niagara; but this was in his dream. They had tried to wake him from the shore, but failed. Soon the mighty cataract awoke him. He sprang up and in an instant took in the situation — the awful danger. He seized a paddle and plied it with desperate energy against the current. It was too late. There was a time when he could have paddled against the current and so saved himself; but he slept till the on-rushing waters had pulled him to the edge of the cataract; then a second's pause on the edge, and with a fearful cry the Indian went over into the depths of death! Isn't that a picture of many sleeping, slumbering, while the current bears them on and on? Many in this audience are spending their last days on earth. This is the year 1897, and there are a good many in this audience to whom it may be said ere many

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days, “Thy soul is required of thee now!” Some of us are spending our last month, some the last year, and some the last five years upon earth. I was thinking, as I was considering the subject today, of my own town. I went back there to live twenty years ago, and my mind ran up along one street, and I found Death had been in every house in the twenty years. And there was no other street where Death had not entered. My own house was entered, and so were my neighbors’ houses, up and down that street. How many homes have been entered by Death in the last five, ten, fifteen, twenty years? Hardly a house represented by this congregation that Death has not been visiting in twenty years. Where will this audience be twenty years hence? Now, hadn’t we better get ready? What’s going to make a dying bed easy?

Two business men were discussing this question. One of them was an infidel; the other turned to him and said, “How is it with you; what is going to make your dying bed easy; is Infidelity?” “No,” said the other, “that won’t.”

I had a talk with a man last night, an older man than I, and I asked him if he was a Christian. He replied: “I’m an infidel.” I said, “What does your infidelity give you?” “Nothing.” “What have you in the future to look for?” “Nothing.” “Living for nothing?”

“THOU FOOL!”

Then I went from this hall, thanking God that I am not an infidel. I thank God that I've got something better than infidelity. I don't believe that infidelity is going to make that dying hour sweet. Do you? Another man said: "Culture! Culture will do it!" And that was discussed, and I asked: "What is culture going to do in the dying hour? Culture may be all right in its place; but when you come down to the swellings of Jordan, what is culture going to do? What are art and education going to do? What else is going to help in the dying hour?" (A voice from the audience: "A good hope in the Lord Jesus Christ!") There's nothing else. And if you only stop to think, everybody will say, "That's so." Infidelity takes everything from me. My friend, I want to tell you that you may be a successful business man, but if that's all, you haven't much to cling to. You must leave it all. To be at the head of the commercial world in Boston or in any other place won't help.

I remember the head merchants of Boston when I came here as a boy, and how I used to look up to them. I worshipped Success in those days. One of them, I venture to say if I mentioned his name, there'd be a hundred in this hall who'd remember him. He won in life; did he win for eternity? But they are all

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gone — forty years and all have gone. Forty years hence there'll come another audience, and if a man has lived all his life for this world alone, his name will have been forgotten, forty years hence. Isn't that so?

Oh, how I wish we could get our eyes open today to see something besides worldly success, honor, and fame. I pity the man who has his whole thought centered on this life. Would to God that we could get a spiritual uplift. I don't know who is the author of these words, but I want to read them to you: “The soul said to the body, ‘We must surely part, and now let us reckon together.’ ‘Let us reckon, sister,’ said the body. ‘You,’ said the soul, ‘have been active in labor and toil, early and late, and gathered much gold. Will you keep it with you or shall I take it with me? Who is going to take it? Take it down to your grave, and some thief will dig it out before the snow falls.’

“‘Alas!’ said the body, ‘how can I take it among the darkness and dust and corruption of death? What will it profit me there?’ ‘No,’ said the soul, ‘but how can I carry it where earth and earthly things are not suffered to enter? And, after all, it is but yellow earth.’ ‘And, shortly, it will be neither mine nor thine,’ said the body, sorrowfully.

“‘Our reckoning is not over,’ said the soul.

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‘How are we to meet again, if we must meet again? Will it be in sorrow or in joy? You have never allowed me to look heavenward, but robbed me of my freedom and used all my powers to help you to get gold?’

“ ‘Alas!’ said the body, ‘you tempted me, and now you reproach me.’ ‘What, and if we should meet, as fellow-tormentors, bound together for eternal misery?’ said the soul. ‘I am defiled as you are, and you have never cared for our cleansing. I am without a right to Heaven, as you are, and you have never cared for entrance into it. So, then, this gold will be our mocking accuser in eternity, and I shall reproach you forever for having destroyed me in getting it.’ ”

Now, let us turn these thoughts in upon ourselves. What are you living for? What is your aim? Is it to get gain? To buy and to sell? To die a millionaire? I was sometime ago with a man of some means, who married a Christian woman. They had had a child that died. He had been a hard laboring man. He passed away. When he died, the widow looked up all the money, and said, “My ambition is now to have my only boy become a millionaire when he is twenty-one.” That’s a pretty low aim, isn’t it? And that was a professed Christian woman! Wants her boy to be a million-

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aire at twenty-one! That's the Rich Man who, in the Saviour's day, was called, FOOL. “This day thy soul shall be required of thee.”

Now, turning from this subject, I want to ask this congregation to do something that I think is perfectly right. There's a place in the Psalms where it says, “I'll pay my vows in the presence of all the congregation.” We should have a grand time here this afternoon if every man and woman in this house would “pay his or her vows.” I venture to say that there's not a person in this place that's not living under some broken vow. There's some hour in your life when you made a vow that you haven't kept. I can't tell you when; but now, while I am speaking, your own conscience tells you — your mind flies back to that hour — when you made a promise. It might have been at the midnight hour, when there came a rap at your door, and you were awakened out of a sound sleep and were told that your mother was dying. You hastened to her; she was conscious, and she talked with you, and taking her hand, you promised to meet her in heaven. You shed a few tears at the grave. You told the minister who officiated that you would be a Christian. Am I now talking to a great many in this house who have made some similar vow? When your wife was taken from you,

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didn't you say, "I can't call her back, but I'll serve her God"? When your child was taken away from you, didn't you make some vow of that kind?

Do you know, Life seems now to me like going up a hill and then coming down; you go up the hill slow and down the hill fast. Days pass now like hours. A week glides away like a day. Months seem like weeks. It seems to me but a little while since I came to Boston. I would like to take this whole audience with me now and have you just imagine that you are going up this hill; some of you are on the top of it, in the meridian of life, and stand on the summit of the hill. Just pause with me, and look to the cradle from whence you started. Remember when you started out; it is only a little while ago; and as you are looking down the hill you see a tombstone. It marks the resting place of some member of your family. You stood once by that open grave and took vows. And you promised yourself and friends that you would lead a different life from that day on. Why not pay your vows in the presence of this congregation? Why not say now: "I will! God helping me, I will keep that vow; I will make it good today."

But you mark another grave. It is not mother's nor father's, but a narrow, short grave.

“THOU FOOL!”

A little child came into your life and was the sun of your home, and like the ivy twining around the oak, it twined itself about your heart; and then death came and took the child. Didn't you make promises?

I remember the first time I was called out of Chicago to speak. I was invited to go to Indiana. A gentleman met me at the station. He took me to his house. It was a very hot day in summer. The blinds were closed to keep out the flies and the heat. He said his wife was busy in preparing to entertain some friends; and he would like to be excused. He left me in that dark room. I could not read, and I got very restless. I thought if he had any children, I would go out under the trees, and so I asked, "Have you any children?" He said, "Yes, I have one"; and then he hesitated, and continued, "she is not here; my only child is in heaven. I am glad she is there." "You are glad your only child is gone?" I exclaimed. "Yes," he said; "but there was a time when I could not say so." "Was there anything wrong with your child? Was she healthy and well while living?" "Yes." And he took up an old-fashioned daguerreotype, and the girl looked as beautiful as any child I had ever seen. Handing me the picture he said, "That's a correct likeness of my child." "How old was she

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when she was taken away? Could you tell me?” He answered, “Mr. Moody, when that child was living I worshipped her; she was the idol of my heart. I never went to church. I could not have had any serious thought about the future state. Every night I could get away from my business, I took to go riding with her, or walking with her. My life centered in that child; she was the idol of my heart.

“One day I came home and she was sick; I paid no attention to it. Oh, sir, in a few days she was gone. She melted away like a snowflake. And I accused God of being unjust. I would have torn God from his throne. For three days and nights I was awake. I refused to eat, drink or sleep. I buried her. And when I came home, my home and heart were as dark as the grave. I had lost my child. You know how desolate the house is when some members of it have gone out?”

While walking up and down his room, he told me, he had heard a voice, and thought it was his child calling to him. “But no, that voice has been hushed in death,” he said, “and I could never hear it.” Then he thought he heard footsteps coming; and he whispered, “No, I shall never hear the sound of her footsteps again.” Up to that time, he told me, he hadn’t wept.

“THOU FOOL!”

His agony had been so great he couldn't weep. Then he gave way. And, he said: "I suppose it was a dream, but it always seemed to me like a vision that God had given me; a vision of heaven. I lay on my bed asleep, and I dreamed I was crossing a field, waste, barren and cheerless. I came to a river. It looked so dark, so cold and so cheerless that I drew back from the bank. Just across the river I saw the most beautiful land my eyes had ever rested on. I stood there, gazing on that land, and I said, 'Oh, how beautiful and fair!' I thought sickness and death never entered that land. I would like to be in a land where Death cannot come, where there would be no separation and where parting was unknown. While I lay there, gazing upon that dream land, I saw beings, all looking so young and so happy. As I gazed at them, what was my joy and delight to see amongst the number my own darling child, and she came running down and waved her little hand, and said, 'Father! Come right this way. It is beautiful here!' Then I went down to the banks, and I thought I would plunge into that river. I tried to find a bridge, but there was none in sight. I walked up and down the banks, but could find no boatman. At length a voice came to me over the water, 'Father, come right this way; it is beautiful here!'

“THOU FOOL!”

While I was walking up and down the banks, I heard another Voice saying: ‘I am the Way, the Truth and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.’ The Voice awoke me from my sleep. I rose that night and made my first prayer, and I cried to God to forgive and save me. And God saved me that night. I no longer look upon my child as lost, but as living in glory, and every day I can see her beckoning me and calling me heavenward. My life has been very successful. I have been Superintendent of the Sabbath School for eight years. Hundreds have been converted in that Sabbath School, and we have got you down here and hope there’ll be some fruit.”

Am I speaking to mothers, here today, whose children have gone? If those children could call back from that world of light, it would be: “Mother! Come this way!” Am I not speaking to fathers, here today, whose children have crossed the river? I don’t believe there’s a man or woman in Tremont Temple but has some one—it may be a sainted mother—gone. Isn’t she beckoning you away from this world of sin, woe, wretchedness and misery? We have got an Elder Brother. Nineteen hundred years ago, the Son of God crossed the river. May God help you to come to him today!

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"If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

JOHN vii. 37.

WE have been talking about the work of the Holy Spirit. I will go rapidly over the points we have made up to the present time: His work is to convict of sin, to shed abroad the love of God in our hearts, to impart hope, to give liberty, to testify of Christ, to guide us into all truth, to show things to come, to bring remembrance of things that Christ taught us, to comfort us. This morning we were speaking about the three dwellings: the tabernacle reared in the wilderness by Moses; the temple built by Solomon, and these bodies that have been cleansed by the blood of the Son of God as the temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. I was trying to show, when we closed this morning, that the Spirit of God dwelling in us, in you, the daughter of God, is one thing, and the Spirit of God upon us for service is another thing. Men have tried to straighten me out on these points; but if there is one thing

* Delivered at Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., January 14, 1897.

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that I've got evidence for, it is this: that one may be a son or a daughter of God, and still not have power. I think I know hundreds and thousands who cannot say they are not Christians; but they are Christians without power.

You may say they are disobedient, because they might have it; but the fact is they haven't got power. Samson had it, and lost it. I meet a great many people who have had power and lost it. Now, mark you, power is one thing and influence is another thing. Lots of men have influence, but not Holy Ghost power. Ahab had influence; Elijah had power. A good deal of difference. Saul had influence, but David had power. I'd rather have power than influence. David had power and went out and slew Goliath. Strength is one thing and power is another. The giant of Gath had strength, but David had power. God is a supernatural God, and you've got to have supernatural power to do His work.

Now I believe that the weakness of multitudes of Christians lies in the fact that they are trying to do their work with money, with influence, with intellectual and social power. These things are all right in their place; but they are not going to redeem this world. You'll find such things spoken of in this Book. There was Nicodemus who came to Jesus by night to

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seek light, and he got it. But he barely got it. He heard the grandest sermon ever preached in this world. Nicodemus heard for the first time, probably, that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." I suppose all agree that this is the sublimest sermon in the whole Bible. And Nicodemus was the first man to hear it. Nicodemus was exalted to Heaven on that sermon.

But he reasoned: "I belong to the highest court in the world; but if I unite myself with that despised Nazarene, I shall lose caste." Oh, if he had been like Moses, and got out of the Sanhedrin! It was a great sacrifice for Moses to leave the gilded palaces of Egypt and turn his back on the throne. If Nicodemus had identified himself with the apostles of Christ, he might, later on, have become one of the apostles. But there he stood in the Sanhedrin. And there are a lot of Christians, holding on to their influence and dignity, who have influence, but not power. And there's where we are today.

The men who wielded an influence in Sodom would have said Lot was one of the most influential men in the city; perhaps had the best turn-out, owned some of the finest corner lots there. If you had talked of taking your family

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down there, they would have said and he would have said: "We can give your cattle much better attention than that Abraham." Many thought that he was "long-headed," a "very long-headed man." There's a man, the best business man in all Boston, and perhaps all his children are going to ruin. But "he's very long-headed." The Lord pity him. I had a friend once — in fact, his sister is in this audience today — who said he could never understand why his wife was always so eager about paintings. There was no beauty in them to him. A few years ago his eyesight failed him. He was asked: "How have you got on all these years? You've got a long eye and a short eye, and never saw anything straight." He changed his glasses. After that this man became more interested in paintings than his wife, and he even built an art-gallery. Why? Because he could now see the beautiful. Many Christians in Boston have a long eye and a short eye. (Laughter.) You can never see clearly in that way. Abraham was a long-sighted and Lot a short-sighted man. Lot saw the well-watered plains of Sodom; that was all. Now when God goes at things, you will find your money will go like a bonfire. If there had been a railroad running up from Sodom to Jerusalem, Lot would have been its president, and he would have

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been "The Hon. Mr. Lot, from Sodom." An honorable name, but his family going to ruin all the time. That's the trouble. But when God came to investigate, He found a different state of things.

I have no doubt that when Abraham plead off on Sodom, Lot said: "It's all right now." But we are told, in the New Testament, that his righteous soul was vexed. He was the man of God in Sodom; but I can find a thousand Lots in Sodom today where you can find one Abraham; fathers piling up their millions, and their children going to ruin. May God open their eyes!

Don't become satisfied with being a Christian merely — barely a Christian. Now go over into another chapter, and you will find a higher type — that woman of Samaria going to get a pot of water and she found a well full. "Come and see a man that told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?" If she had been in Boston, they would have said, "Rebecca, keep still. You don't know how long you'll hold out. If you'll keep still, we'll take you into the Church." But she drank deep of the Water of Life. She got a better draught than Nicodemus. O man, drink deep! Don't be satisfied with barely getting water. If I have a tumbler of water, I can say, "I've got water,"

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just as if I owned a whole reservoir. You can see a lot of people having Christ; but you've got to probe to find life. Jesus came that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly. And what we want is not to be satisfied with getting water, or even with the well; we want something better than that. A man said he had a well with two features about it — it froze up in the winter and dried up in the summer. There are lots of just such Christians. They are not the right kind. People talk about spasmodic effort; I am as much opposed to it as any other man. I have been studying it for thirty years. I don't believe in spasmodic efforts; and when a man drinks as God wants him to drink, he can't help working summer and winter.

You know I am one of those old-fashioned people that believe this fact: I believe that any man or woman, filled with the Spirit, rivers of spirit will flow from them. There'll be a tree full of sap, with fruit; there'll be blossoms and fruit. And if it is a shade tree, there'll be leaves. And when a man is filled with the Spirit of God, he will be filled with fruit.

Now, you haven't to go back four hundred years to Martin Luther, or to Wesley or to Whitefield. Go back a few years to London, and there was a man that died — but I am

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thanking God he never died; he lives now. This man had never been in Harvard or Yale. The Lord said: "Now, Charles, you go up to London and I will let rivers flow from you." And he went up to London, and he stayed there forty years, and tens of thousands listened; and no man ever gathered such a great number under one roof as that boy preacher. They called him a Boy Preacher; they tried to laugh him down and ridiculed him. He had a great Book. He would shut himself up to read it. And when he came out he didn't know much of anything, he was not learned. But, look and see! Where is his influence today; what power has he had for forty years? Every Thursday a sermon came out, I don't know in how many languages, but it went into all the corners of the earth. He preached to vast crowds, and when he died there was an Orphan Asylum with two hundred and fifty boys in it, and another for girls, and one of the finest Theological Seminaries, and there were colporteurs going all through the world's waste districts, where they do not have the Gospel preached; and there were almshouses. He wrote, but I don't know how many books have come from his pen; I don't know how many Baptist chapels have sprung up, all from that man's influence. A man in London told me that there were eighty

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Baptist chapels built through the influence of C. H. Spurgeon. It is literally true — a man filled with the Spirit of God, there'll be rivers flowing forth from him. That's what we want. Yes, we want men and women Spirit-filled. I don't know of anything that will crowd the world out but the Spirit.

A person said to me, "You made a great mistake today. You told the people they ought to be filled with the Spirit. You didn't tell them to be emptied. They can be emptied just as easily as they can be filled." Yes, and no easier. Not a bit. I have known a lot of people who have tried to pump themselves empty, and they don't make any progress. A child on a rocking horse — beautiful motion — but making no progress.

Try and get selfishness out of your heart, and see how you will succeed. Try to get those mean, low things that mar your testimony out of your life — and you can't do it. You haven't the power. If there wasn't air in this building, you couldn't hear my voice. You've got to have air to hear a sound. Go to San Francisco at eleven o'clock in the morning, and you'll find people out in their summer clothes; and about ten o'clock p.m. ladies go out in sealskin jackets. Why? Away out on the alkaline plains the sun strikes the sand, and

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there's a vacuum, and the cold air rushes through the Golden Gate and settles in the streets of San Francisco, and it is colder weather in July and August than in any other two months of the year, because the air is rushing in there to fill the vacuum. I fill that tumbler with water, and I want to get the air in. I go to work. I am going to put this book in there. You laugh at it. Trying to get pride and jealousy and envy out. I will pump the water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground. There's air there, is there? Put some dust and chaff in there, and it sinks. Let it stay and settle. When the human heart is full of the love of God, you can't put air and dirt into it. The trouble is that the Christian has just about that much full, and when the devil comes and puts dust in there, it sticks. "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground." Is it so in Boston? Let us pray for floods! Not for drops, but to have God lift the flood-gate and let the tide come in.

Hear this: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." They shall be *filled*. And, I'll tell you, God will fill every cup here today; every one of you can be filled, if you will. I want to say another thing: The more you get, the

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more you will want. And when you get filled, you will pray God to give greater capacity, so that you may have more. The trouble is that a lot of people are satisfied with a little. I believe God will fill every cup, but I believe there are some awful small cups. It wouldn't take a long while to fill some cups here, they are so small. There's a little cup, a dainty one, and it won't hold much. If you are very thirsty, it will not satisfy you; it's too small. "My cup runneth over," said one; and you are satisfied with a cup that won't run over. Be a man and be thirsty! There are hundreds of small cups in Boston. I would say to you: "Get the biggest cup you can find in Boston." You can have a good big cup, if you will. Pray God to increase your capacity. Don't be satisfied with small things. I honor God when I ask for great and mighty things. Ask for great things here today.

Mark now! Heaven's measure is good measure, shaken down and running over. How can you keep free from the world? How can you keep from progressive euchre? Keep filled. You know, I've got something better. The Lord does not say, "Come now and give up this, and that, and the other"; but "Get filled with my Spirit." Ministers say: "How can I keep my Church out of the world?" My reply is:

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“Get them filled with the Spirit, and they are out at once.”

Now, when Christ was about to leave his disciples, he told them to dwell in Jerusalem until they were endued. “Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.” Do you suppose that Peter, James and John had troubles about the power? But I can imagine Peter saying: “Lord, wait! Men are dying! Shall we not go back and work? I wouldn’t have left my fishing smack for three years but for the hope of power. Do you remember the first Sabbath Day you met us in Jerusalem, and breathed on us, and said: ‘Receive ye the Holy Ghost’? Then I felt the power sweeping over my soul.” Yes, Peter, you had the power. If the disciples had not had power, they would have had creeds, creeds only. “When the Holy Ghost comes upon you, ye shall receive power, and ye shall be witnesses unto me, . . . and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.”

They were in Jerusalem. You talk about the disciples in Boston. They are like the dust in the balance compared with those in Jerusalem. They had to preach right to the very men whose hands were dripping with the blood of the Son of God.

See the results when the disciples got the

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power! See how He came on the Day of Pentecost. It is not carnal to pray that He may come again, and that the place may be shaken. I have thought, too, that Pentecost was not a miracle that is not to be repeated. I believe Pentecost was but a specimen day. I think the Church has made this woful mistake that Pentecost was a miracle never to be repeated. I believe if we looked on Pentecost as a specimen day, and began to pray, we should have the old Pentecostal fire back in Boston. That's what we want! May God open our eyes and reveal it to us! Let me show you that I am on Scriptural ground. In the Second Chapter of Acts, He came, and they were all filled full and running over. My cup runs over like that cup there (pointing). Go into the Fourth Chapter, and you'll find Peter and John have been brought before the Sanhedrin. That body said: "Preach all you want to, but not in that man's name." We think the wily old devil attended to that. A man might come into this city and preach like Demosthenes, and if there wasn't anybody affected and not a convert, every paper would come out, and every paper would say: "There's nothing in it." They would be delighted, you know. But let them preach in the name of Jesus Christ, and let drunkards and sinners be afraid, and there'd

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be a difference. If Gabriel should save a soul, he would lose his character right off. It is astonishing how bad a man becomes when God sees him. Now they said: "Preach all you please, but don't preach in that man's name." Many ministers can preach science, and astronomy, and geology, and metaphysics, and theology, and higher criticism, and lower criticism, and broad Churchism and narrow Churchism, and all these isms, and all get along very well without Christ; but these unlettered fishermen knew only that Christ lived and died, and rose again, ascended on high, and is coming back. That's the knowledge Boston needs to-day. This cultured Boston needs it, and wants men to preach it till they have results.

The disciples had another prayer, and the place was shaken again. Think of it! These men were filled again. They must have lost some power; for only the men filled in the Second Chapter of the Acts were filled again in the Fourth. If Peter and John, filled in the Second Chapter of the Acts, were filled again in the Fourth, don't you think the Boston preachers need to be filled? Yes! If I take that empty pitcher, and with it an empty tumbler, and walk down the aisle, I would never find anybody thirsty. But let me have it filled, I'd find out who is thirsty. The trouble is,

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you young Christian workers are carrying around a lot of empty pitchers. But when you see a man with a good pitcher of water, or a good bucket full, and he has more than you've got, you'll want it. Of course you will. Get filled yourself! Get a good bucket of water, and start out! These men got more and more, and got filled again.

Listen! Years have passed away. There's a meeting in heaven, up around the throne. Words were sent down to tell Cornelius whereby he and his house were to be saved. And in the 11th Chapter of the Acts, Peter is giving an account of that meeting. He unlocked the door; and lo, as he was speaking these words, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as at the beginning.

Now if that coming of the Holy Ghost was in Jerusalem and in Cesarea, why not in Boston? And why should we not all be filled? Let the light of heaven flash into our souls. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness." O men and women, make up your minds you are going to be filled. It will settle all the Church quarrels; you can't have a Church row where the Spirit of the Lord is. It would sweep them all out of the way. One breath on Jerusalem, and away went the troubles. Isn't that so? I'll tell you, it's the only thing that's going to fill us with satisfaction. If God doesn't

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come and save in His infinite mercy, we are gone. I don't believe these things can go on. I believe we are going the way of Babylon and Rome, the way the old cities went, unless God revives His work. Every Church should be praying, "O Lord, revive Thy work! Revive me!" Why not every man go out of here as a torch to light Boston? Is there any reason?

Some English people went to Africa, to colonize and settle. They got into a certain place, and it was very beautiful. The country was delightful. They said to some of the natives: "Do you have rain all the year round?" "Oh, no!" they said. "There are a few months when the rain doesn't fall." They went to another place, and thought they would settle there. First they asked the natives: "How is it: do you have plenty of rain here?" "No; there are certain months when we don't have rain here." At the third place, they asked the natives how it was there. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "the clouds are with us all the year round." They got under the pierced clouds. O men and women, get under the pierced clouds. Plenty of rain. Let us get under the cloud! Why not? Why not now? Is the soil barren? Are the trees fruitless? Have you toiled all night and caught nothing? Let us today get the net on the right side of the ship.

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We shall have a big haul. You will have it in your churches. Somerville will have it. We shall have it in Faneuil Hall. We shall have it all around. Let us get full of the Spirit. I am so tired and sick of the men who talk, talk, talk; and they get up in the prayer meeting and kill everything in the meeting. God doesn't speak through them. There's no unction. Let God re-commission every minister in this town to preach the Gospel, and re-baptize every worker. That's the prayer we want to make today. Wouldn't you like to receive an anointing for your burial — you old man, about to pass away? Some old men dry up and wither up, and people are in a way glad when they are gone. Others are like the clouds at sunset, and leave light behind them, because they are full of the dew of heaven, and the joy of the Spirit of the Lord rests upon them. O man, get anointed for your burial. Don't you want a baptism for your last days? Make up your mind to seek it. Don't be satisfied with your present attainments, but reach out for something higher.

When Elijah was taken up, he was down at Gilgal with Elisha. And Elijah said to Elisha, "Let us go to Bethel and see them who are there." We have a lot of students from Newton here today, and from Boston University. Eli-

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jah thought he would like to see the students at Bethel. When he got to Bethel, he said, "Elisha, Elisha, do you know that your master is to be taken away today?" "Hold your peace; I know all about it." Presently he said: "Elisha, you stay here, and I will go to Jericho and see how the students are getting on there." Elisha said: "As the Lord liveth, you shall not go without me!" They started for Jericho, and when they got there, the entire student body came out, and one said, "Elisha, Elisha, do you know that your master is taken away?" "Sh—! Hold your peace. I know all about it. Don't say anything." Elijah said, "Elisha, you stay here, and I will go over Jordan and worship." Elisha said, "As the Lord liveth, you'll not go without me!" Man, be in dead earnest and you'll get the power today. Hold right on! Do you remember when the woman came and said her child was dead? The man of God said: "Go and put my staff upon the child." The servant went, but failed. But Elisha did not fail. Keep near the Master, for He never failed yet. Do you tell me that Elijah was not pleased that Elisha held on?

Talk about *power*! Talk about Alexander making the world tremble with his army, and Napoleon with his army! Why, all that man Elijah had to do was to speak, and old Jordan

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knew, and fled before him. And when he wanted fire, he prayed, and fire came down. When he wanted rain, he prayed, and the rain came. The waters piled up, and fifty of the prophets came out of the city to see what was going on. I can see these students all eager to watch, and the prophets passing through the bed of the river and into the desert. All at once Elijah said to Elisha, "What do you want? I tried to leave you at Bethel, and you wouldn't stay; and then again at Jericho, and you wouldn't stay. Now, tell me what you want, and you shall have anything you ask for." I'd like to have some millionaire tell me that. I'd tell what I want for my Schools at Northfield, and then I wouldn't get all. It would be a bold request.

No man had the power that Elijah had; and Elisha never stopped, but said, "I'll blurt it out. I'd like a double portion of your spirit." I see the fifty prophets crowding in, and hear Elijah saying, "You've asked a hard thing; but if you see me when I leave you, you shall have it." Do you suppose Elisha took his eyes off him? The two marched on arm in arm. I'd like to have heard that conversation. There came a whirlwind, and it took up one, and they became separated. But Elisha, who was dead in earnest — what did he care for that whirl-

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wind? He cried, "Where is my Master? Where is my Master, Elijah?" He didn't want to have him go away without leaving the power. He said, "I'll get the power if I only see him." Here in the choir, here in the organ loft, you are bound to get the power, the flame of fire in the heart, if you see the vision. He cried out, "My Father, my Father; the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." He never said anything about the blessing. He just reminded the Lord of his promise, and that is all. O Lord, you promised that. Elijah remembered his promise, and he took his old mantle and threw it back, and it came down into the dust. Don't talk about your dignity; that you are the pastor of the richest church in the United States, and have got such an influential position. O man! Get down in the dust. Get power! Get down! Oh that we could just get into the dust today, and get power. He rent the mantle. You've got nothing. God will give you everything.

I am afraid if Elisha had been a Bostonian, he would have said, "I don't feel I've got it. Really, I look just as I did before Elijah was taken. You know, I thought I would feel a shaking, a sensation, like Samson, and that I could do everything." That's the way he would have talked. But Elijah simply said: "If you see me when I am taken away, you shall have

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the double portion." Elisha went up on that promise, then started back on his life's work. The fifty prophets saw him come out of the wilderness, and they said, "Look, look, look, Elisha is coming around. Elijah is gone, and we shall never see his likes again." Man, don't believe it! Don't think for a moment that the Lord can't get on without you. When a man gets that idea, he is good for nothing. God can get along very well without any of us.

The fifty prophets saw the prophet come to the brink of the river. Up to that time he had power enough to walk, and that was all he needed. But he got to the river. His Master was gone. I can imagine him standing on the bank of the river, and lifting up his voice, "O God; the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob; Thy prophet, Thy servant, told me if I saw him when translated that I should have a double portion of Thy Spirit. Let me have the power of God." And he took up the mantle of Elijah, and old Jordan knew and wasted away. The water dried up; and he went down to Jericho, and the fifty prophets cried: "Elisha — the power of Elijah is upon Elisha!" And it was so — a double portion. Read the lives of both, and you'll find Elisha performed more miracles than Elijah. Go for the big cup full!

HOW BACKSLIDERS MAY RETURN*

“Go and proclaim these words, and say: Return, thou backsliding Israel.” JEREMIAH iii. 12.

I WANT to make an explanation. Some people have said that I made the statement that “nine-tenths of the Church members haven’t got power.” I did not say that to hurt any one’s feelings; but I call up a good many Christians who lack power to seek people. Christ says: “Go and disciple the world!” Am I uncharitable when I say that there’s not more than one out of ten who is doing that kind of work? I don’t want to slander the Church. I would never preach again as long as I live if I thought I was hurting the Church. I would shed tears of blood if I thought I was hurting the Church; and I pray God day and night to help me to awake the Church. I don’t say they are not Christians, by a good deal. I never dreamed such a thing. Many are good, converted people, but they haven’t got “converting power.” There’s the trouble. I hope you won’t misunderstand me.

* Delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., January 20, 1897. (p.m.)

BACKSLIDERS

Now, I want to come back to the subject of this morning. I didn't get through with what I want to say about backsliders. I wanted to tell you how you backsliders may get back. I was very much cheered by so many coming to me after I got through. One man followed me; and wanted to get back to the Lord. That's what I want to tell — How you can get back.

There's one peculiarity about the pit into which the backslider gets, and that is that while there are many ways in, there's only one way out. That's the way he got in. The same road that led you away from Christ will take you back. How did you get away? You all know; every one who is a backslider knows. You know how you went away. You left Him without a cause. I will challenge a backslider to give a reason for leaving the Lord. You can't do it. Take that home, and stick it into your mind! What took you away from the Lord? You think you've got a good excuse; but, have you? Have you an excuse that will stand the light of eternity? Some woman says her husband hasn't treated her right. Ought not that to have driven you nearer to Christ? Was it the Lord who gave you a bad husband? Some man may say, "My wife hasn't treated me right." Should that have changed him from Christ? You've got some affliction. He

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has laid His hand upon you. God does not afflict willingly. Did you ever punish a child? If you did, didn't you do it for the child's good, and not for the pleasure of doing it? I don't see fathers and mothers who like to do that kind of thing. If they do chasten, it is for the child's good. If you are under the "chastening rod" of God, don't rebel and think God a hard Master.

Now, if you want to return, there's nothing to hinder you but your own will. Your backslidings can't keep you, because He will blot them all out if you'll let Him. I want to read a little more out of Jeremiah, because I don't know a better thing for the backslider than the Word of God. Nothing but the Word of God. In the Third Chapter of Jeremiah, the twelfth verse, "Go and proclaim these words, and say, Return, thou backsliding Israel, . . . and I will not cause my anger to fall upon you. I will not keep my anger forever." I want to ask you this question: Do you believe that if Israel had repented, God would have allowed Nebuchadnezzar to take them down to Babylon for seventy years? "Go, proclaim these words. Say, Return. Only acknowledge thine iniquity, and thy transgressions against the Lord thy God."

Of course, if we don't obey the command-

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ments of God, we have backslidden — every one that's breaking the laws of God is backslidden. You may be in good standing in the Church where you belong in the city, in the sight of men, but not in the sight of God. The heart has got away, and as long as we are living in rebellion and disloyalty to God and his commandments, we cannot expect the smile of heaven and the blessing of God.

Again, in the twenty-second verse of the same: "Return, ye backslidden children, and I will heal your backslidings." A man said to me, "Mr. Moody, I would come, but I have been so mean, so contemptible, that the Lord wouldn't receive me." I said: "That's your thought, and not His. Did you ever see a father and mother dealing with a boy who had gone astray? If the boy comes home with a broken heart — don't they receive him?"

When I was in London in 1875, there came to us a request that we should pray for a boy gone off into the far south, to Australia. The father and mother seemed broken-hearted for their boy. He had gone far away in his sins, and they wanted united prayer offered for him. I suppose that not less than 200 people offered their prayer for that boy that night, one of the largest meetings in Agricultural Hall. Away off in the wilds of that country — he had to

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ride for one day to get at the post, so wild was the land — he got a letter telling him about how many had been praying for him. He started back, and on the way he was so overcome by the power of God that he could not ride; and he got off, and waited in the bush, and God converted him before he returned back to his hut. He wrote home of what he had done, what had happened. The parents cabled him, as quickly as they could, to come home; and the news came back that he was on his way home. Those parents were so afraid that the boat would get in, and he would come at night, that they had a bell put up, so that he could wake up the whole family, so anxious were they to give him a welcome. That's the way God receives backsliders. "Ring the bells of heaven; there is joy today."

The only Chapter that records joy in heaven is the one that tells about the prodigal's coming back to his father's house. If you are going to have a genuine work of grace in Boston, it will be the winning back the wanderers. So today, make up your mind that you will return now. Right here, now! This done, go right to the church tonight, to the church which you prefer, and if there's a social meeting going on, go in and tell them that you've made up your mind to come back. If the minister is here on the

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platform, take the first step and tell him that. You will do it now. Don't wait until I get through preaching. Why — the only place where God is represented as running is the Father to that prodigal. We read of God walking; but he *ran* then. I see the boy coming back, but I see the old man *running* towards him with arms outstretched. And, my friend, God will restore unto you the joy of His salvation if you'll turn back. I will read Hosea 14: 1. "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine own iniquity. Not by mine." You very often hear people talking about other people's failings and about the Church. It is your own "iniquity." Don't let any one give that as an excuse. It's the devil's lie to keep you from coming back. It's your own iniquity that has taken you away from God. "Take with you words, and turn unto the Lord. He will receive us graciously. So we will render the praise of our lips." You will be praising God if wanderers come back. O friend, won't you come today?

Then in the fourth verse. "I will heal their backslidings; I will love them freely, for my anger is turned away from him. I will be as dew unto Israel. He shall grow as the lily and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." Think of it—"Heal their backslidings." And when God

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says "heal" he means every word he says. That's what He'll do. Is there a man or woman here today who will turn from backsliding? If so God will heal you freely. Just here, if you will turn from your old life, and you may become a ruling elder in your home.

Do you want to come back to God? Commence where you broke off! I will call your attention to another fact. People, when they come back to the Lord, expect that they are going to have the same experience they had at first. Revelations, Second, fifth verse, "Remember, therefore, and do the first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly, except thou repent." Now people expect they are going to have the same experience that they had when they first came to the Lord. God never repeats himself. He will give you a fresh experience. But you are to do the first works — repent of your sins; and if there's anything in your life that's wrong, make up your mind that you're going to have that wrong righted, as far as is in your power; but don't mock God, and ask God to do anything for you that you can do yourself. It's mockery for me to ask God to do something that I can do myself. If I've wronged any one, and I can make that wrong right, let me go and do it. If the backslider will do that, and do all he can to restore where he has de-

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stroyed — consider what his influence for evil has been; how he has led others astray; how he has brought a reproach upon the cause of God in all his backslidings—then he will be in a position to turn to come back, and go to work all the harder. I thank God I've seen many a backslider restored who has proved a mighty instrument in God's hands. They used to tell me that God never used defeated men.

We should never have had that fifty-first Psalm if men hadn't fallen. God, the Holy Ghost, helped to write that Psalm, and it has brought hundreds and thousands and millions into the Kingdom of God. And the thirty-second Psalm was written by a backslider. Again, there was that restored Peter, he that preached that marvellous sermon. I would pray this prayer: Bring them up out of the pit, and restore to them the joy of salvation. The restored Psalmist was made to become a writer of Psalms and Hymns. Did you ever take notice, ever take any pains to see, how David fell; to study how Peter fell? You know, they didn't fall all at once. Men don't go up on a building like this and jump off unless they want to commit suicide. A man goes along down the elevator or the stairs step by step, and you'll find that every man who backslides goes down gradually. You will see that some

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man has done an awful thing, and it comes to the public as a great shock; and you think the man has suddenly fallen. Not a bit of it. The work has been going on for months, for years; he stole slowly away from the Lord, and was a backslider five or ten years ago, but he kept it secret. By and by, he got so far away that he could do outrageous things, and down he went, and the world saw, knew his fall. There's Peter. The first step of Peter's downfall was his self-confidence. The Lord warned him; but Peter said: If all the rest of the disciples forsook the Lord, he wouldn't. The Lord could count on him. He was not a-going to fall.

A friend of mine, a minister, called his church together some time ago, and wanted to know how many would stand by him if he had some special meetings. One man said, "I don't know of many, but you can count on me." That man got mad within three days, and wouldn't go into the church. That's Peter. "Lord, you can count on me." He reflected on John and James and all the rest of them. He was going to follow Jesus to the death. But you will notice that he fell on the strongest point of his character. The men in the Bible, the prominent men, fell on the strongest point of their characters. "Let him that thinketh he stand-

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eth take heed lest he fall.” There’s Abraham; for his faith he was honored; but he got down in the dumps, and wavered, and he denied his wife. He lost faith and lied, though he was called “The Father of the Faithful.”

Where did Moses fall? Moses, who was commended for his meekness, his humility. Why was he kept out of the Promised Land? Because he lacked meekness. He smote the rock. Do you tell me that Moses did not fall then; did not backslide? Do you tell me that Abraham did not lie? Every time you tell a lie, you backslide. Every time you lose your temper and are disagreeable in your family, you are backsliding. *Eh?* You’ve never been called a backslider before, have you? Now ask the question: Don’t you think Abraham backslid when he said his wife was his sister? What d’ye say? He was a backslider at one time, wasn’t he? What had he to do? Tell me that he didn’t confess that sin and take his place before God in the dust, in order to have his soul restored to fellowship with God. Do you tell me that Moses didn’t shed tears, day by day, for that sin, that one act that kept him out of the Promised Land? I’ve not any doubt about it.

A foolish woman in the camp, like some we have now, told Moses he was a most lovely

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man; and he tumbled right then. Now when you remember either men or women, telling a young convert that you'd rather hear him speak than the minister, you'll spoil him. Many have been spoiled in that way. And when he thinks he is strong, down he goes — he backslides. A man who hasn't humility is in a backslidden state. If he wants to puff himself up, and he says I, I, I, I, and the "I" goes forward, and he thinks more of himself than of any one else, he is in a backslidden state; I don't care who he is. I got a letter from a man who had his photograph on the outside of the envelope — on the outside. He advertised himself as a prominent worker, which I think he was. Then the paper had another big photograph of him; and he had two notices printed — notices of his photograph — and I got four photographs. Yes, I felt as if the man had backslidden. What does the Bible say? It says something like this: "Pride goeth before a fall." If a man or a woman gets puffed up, isn't he or she in danger of tumbling? Isn't that the first step to backsliding? Didn't the Lord see it in Peter? Did you ever notice that everything these men did before they were filled with the Holy Ghost, they had to undo? There was nothing worth recording until they were filled with the Spirit of God. Elijah was noted for his boldness. He

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stood on Carmel and called on the four hundred prophets of the Grove and four hundred and fifty of Baal, and it looked as if every man was keen against him. He stood there alone, the boldest man on the face of the earth. But he got his eyes off the Master, and when he received a message from the queen, he fled and hid under a juniper tree, and wished himself dead. That bold man of Carmel tumbled. Perhaps he had been elated with his successes. It was all to prove to himself how weak he was away from God. We are all as weak as water. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The Lord knew that Peter was weak, and he warned him, and told him he was going to deny him. But Peter thought he knew better than the Lord. Another case: take James and John, both noted for meekness and humility; yet these are the men who wanted to call fire down from heaven. Christ said: "I have not come to destroy but to give life." Here is Peter; he falling on the strongest point of his character; he, the very man who was going to follow Christ right on to death; nothing could separate them.

Now, note the next step in Peter's downfall. He was self-confident, and the next thing was he went to sleep when the Lord told him to watch. The most dangerous thing that can

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happen to a child of God is to go to sleep. If Satan can get the conscience to sleep, he can do strange things with it. The Lord told Peter to "watch with him one hour"; but Peter went to sleep. If he had watched that hour, do you think he would have got right up and denied the Master? If he had obeyed the Lord he could not have backslidden; but he went to sleep. Some of the strangest things happen in the Church of God today, unaccountable things, unless you make up your mind that the doers have gone to sleep. Fathers and mothers spend all their time, or nearly all, accumulating worldly things, and though their children all around them are going to ruin, they don't seem to realize it. Some of these are good people too; you can't say they are not Christian people.

A lady brought a boy three thousand miles across the continent that I might try to lead him to Christ. She said I had some influence over him. He was soon mixed up with the worst company in the town. I said: "It is strange to think that that boy has come from a beautiful Christian home, and here he is going around with the very worst scamps of the town." I went to that Western home. I was invited to spend a while there. I thought I would like to see how it was that that woman had three sons all gone to ruin. One night her husband

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opened my door and began to weep: "I don't know why God has treated me in this way! I have three sons, and every one is a disgrace to my name!" I said, "Let me ask a few questions. Man, where do you spend your Monday nights, for instance?" "Well," with hesitation, "I'm an alderman and belong to the Common Council." "Where do you go Tuesday nights?" "I am a Senior Deacon in the lodge." "Where do you go Wednesday night?" He didn't want to tell. He belonged to the Masons, was a high Mason. "But Thursday night I'm always at home." I ask: "You are a popular man and trying to be elected Mayor of the city, and if you don't have political calls elsewhere, you have company?" "Yes." "How is it Friday night?" "Friday night I always go to prayer meeting." "How about Saturday night?" "Saturday night I'm always at home." I said, "I was here Saturday night, but I noticed you locked yourself up to get sleep. How about Sunday night?" I said, "Good friend, listen: you get up in the morning, and you are a business man and you hurry through breakfast; and the boys, they hurry through also and go off to play. Sometimes you have family worship and sometimes you don't. Sometimes you have it alone, and sometimes some of the children are there." He admitted that that was so. "You don't come home

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for lunch. You have a late dinner, and you see your children at dinner time; and the fact is you've been trying to be a good man, and you've looked after other people's vineyards and neglected your own. Satan is walking and you've been asleep all the time. If a man were trying to break into your house to steal your silver, it would keep you home and awake. You've been prominent in the Church and in the City Council, and are now trying to run for Mayor. I would let the Mayor's office go, and try to save my boy."

It seems to me, if Satan can get the Church to sleep, he can do almost anything with it. I believe the family was established long before the Church, and my duty is to my family first. I am not to neglect my family. I don't believe our children would go the way so many are going, if we cared for them more. I don't believe these gambling dens, these brothels and whiskey shops would be crowded with young men, night after night, if the Christian people were up and wide awake. I think we have gone to sleep. What d'ye say? How is it? Some people say that God has not been true to His promise, and has not treated them right. My friend, let us look after our own vineyard first. It seems to me that every man should give one or two nights a week to his own family;

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at least it is not necessary to keep up with the clubs, nor to keep them up. I heard this story: A boy came in crying, and the mother wanted to know what the matter was. "A man struck me." "What man?" "That man that comes here every Sunday." That was about as much as the child knew about his own father. Now, if we go to sleep, we can't expect anything else. Peter went to sleep. What's the next thing? He fought in the energy of the flesh. He cut off the servant's ear. The Lord didn't come down from heaven and cut off the ears; not by a good deal. He wanted the servant to have two ears. That's the only mortal that ever lost anything personal from Christ or his disciples while they were on earth. And the Lord healed that ear. The man wasn't around with head tied up for six months. The Lord healed it. Peter fought in the energy of the flesh. Where do Church quarrels come from? In the "energy of the flesh." A coldness has come in and a midnight slumber has fallen on the Church. Men will talk in their sleep, and what talks we have. But men never work in their sleep, and that's the trouble. Well, Peter fought in the energy of the flesh, and the Lord had to undo the evil. A great many crooked things have to be straightened.

The next thing: Peter went far off. You see

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he is backsliding now. A minister told me that if he wanted to get his Elders together, he would have to go to the theater; the only time he could get them together was at the theater. I want to tell you something: An Elder, one of those Elders, had a son who was as the apple of his eye. That son drifted off, and lived a false life. When he married a pure, virtuous woman, a woman, a companion of the past, turned 'round and shot him dead, and the father's grey hairs went down in sorrow to the grave. You don't gain anything by following the Lord afar off, I tell you. When a man follows the Lord afar off, he cannot testify for Jesus Christ, can he? If I wanted to introduce a man to another man, and the man was away up at the upper end of the gallery, I wouldn't say, "Dr. Schofield, I want to introduce you to a gentleman away up there." You've got to be near the Lord, haven't you, to introduce others to Him? Now Peter was afar off. That's where we are backsliding. People at a distance don't see any resemblance between us and Christ.

A friend of mine was walking up the streets of Philadelphia, when he saw a church-member in one of the saloons, playing cards. He got out a card and wrote on it, "Ye are my witnesses." "Take that in," he said to a boy, "and leave it with the man there." The man took it

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and read it, and said to the boy, "Who gave you that card?" "A stranger going by." And the man looked up and down the street, and sneaked off home. That church-member was following the Lord afar off, wasn't he? If a man goes to a saloon and gets drunk, he is following afar off, isn't he? What d'ye say? If a man will go to the billiard halls, or go to "set up for the drinks," is he a true professed Christian? What d'ye say? Now, that's the point. Let us see if we have got away from the Lord. If we have, we can't expect to have the Lord use us.

The next thing is that we find Peter with the enemies of Christ, and one said to him, "You were with his disciples." "I don't know Him." A girl came in, a little maid, and Peter got roused up. And that bold man, that was going to follow Christ, is frightened by the little maid. When we get away from the Lord, we are cowards. When a man is right with the Lord, he has courage. That's what is going to give him boldness; but when he is wrong, he is a coward. Peter is a coward now. Another came along, and said, "His speech betrays him." No man can be with Christ for three years but his speech will betray him. I've got a backslider on his knees, and I've said, "This man knows the language of Zion; this man has been

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a Christian." I've said, "You've been a Christian some day. How do I know? By the way you pray." You can tell by Peter's language. "His speech betrayeth him." And Peter went further. He began to swear and curse that he never knew Christ. He got pretty low. You see how. He was self-confident; then fell asleep; then fought in the energy of the flesh; then followed afar off; and now he turns and denies Him.

LISTEN! Did you ever notice how quickly the Lord won him back? When he was cursing, the Lord gave him one look. That's all! Satan had been at work on Peter for some time, but one look won him back. The Lord might have said, "Peter, is it true that you've forgotten me so soon? Do you remember when I gave you that great haul of fish, and you wanted me to depart from you, for you were a sinful man? Do you remember when your wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and I restored her to health? Is it true, Peter, that you have forgotten me so soon? Do you know that you were with me when I raised Jairus' daughter? Do you remember how you were with me on the Holy Mount, and you wanted to make three tabernacles, one for Moses, and one for Elias, and one for me? Have you forgotten me so soon? And do you remember you said you would never forsake me?"

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The Lord turned and gave him one look of love, and that broke Peter's heart, and he went out to weep bitterly. My God loves you. Do as Peter did. Come back to the Lord and He will bless you and use you a thousand times more than He ever did in the past!

HOW TO DEAL WITH INQUIRERS *

*"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not
thine hand."* ECCLESIASTES xi. 6.

SOME one made the remark that our meetings had put Boston ten years back.

Thank God if you've got back that far, for I think you were in a better condition ten years ago than you are now. We have made progress if we have got back ten years. I hope you will get back still further. Some one says I've hurt the feelings of a good many by what I said about the Church. My! My feelings have been hurt terribly by the conditions I have found here. I think the time has come to have the feelings hurt all round — so hurt that we shall get up and do something.

Last Friday I read an extract from an address by one of the leading ministers of the country. I will read it; it is by Dr. Withrow, Moderator of the last General Assembly.

"The Rev. J. H. Withrow, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, preached last Sunday a sermon commemorative of the tenth anniversary of the beginning of his

* Delivered at Tremont Temple, Boston, January 18, 1897.

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ministry as Pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of Chicago. (And that is the largest Presbyterian church in the United States.) His text was: 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' In his discourse, referring to the changes in Chicago, he said: 'How is it? Is the city better or worse than it was ten years ago? Truly we cannot say.' (I think I can say. It is ten times worse.) When telling of the fact that where there were three thousand rum holes when I came there, and the number has increased now to seven thousand — (He didn't know whether it had grown better or worse!) 'When we read in the daily papers of people afraid to walk the best-lighted boulevards after dark, lest they be sand-bagged; and when we hear of the Departments of Justice administered in such a way that the salaried officers can arrange to get a fortune in a few years, with no known resources but the evil ones to draw upon; and when our City Council is openly and defiantly charged by its own members with corrupt legislation, and the leaders in wrong-doing can find defenders among our most prominent, and, we have thought, patriotic citizens; and when the feeling is general that any rascal can cheat the Law out of its penalty, if he has money — then we think that the city is sinking into the abyss that hurled Rome to ruin.'"

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That's the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterians! His church is in the Broadway district, where there are a hundred thousand people; and, to my knowledge, there's not a place, unless some Rescue Mission, where there's a thing being done for the Master. This is on one of the most public boulevards, and what the papers said is true — people dare not walk out there at night. And, right near that church, in that district, there's been, on an average, a murder right along month after month. And yet, that church, and nearly every church in Chicago, is opened only two or three hours in the week.

Now there are theaters! Supposing that Church hired a theater and had some one preach in it every Sunday, in the heart of that district where it is so dark; supposing that the theaters were engaged — they open the churches only once on the Sabbath; some of them are open twice, but a good many of them only once, and few attend. Why? On account of the "pew system."

A gentleman said in New York: "Are you going to fall into that idea of keeping the church opened every night in the week? What do we want of more members? Every pew is taken, and we pay all of our expenses. We don't believe in the second service, and one is enough."

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Said I: "Look at the state of things we are having!" Here is something I cut from a religious newspaper. I thought at first I would never speak of it; it was so humiliating. "There were thirteen hundred and ninety-five Congregational churches that received no accessions by confession of faith during the last year for which the statistics have been collected. Many of this number of Congregationalist churches, or more than one-fourth of the total, gathered no sheaves out of the field, which is the world. There were seven hundred and fifty Presbyterian churches that did not report any additions by confession of faith." It is perhaps safe to say that every fifth church among the great bodies of believers in this "Mighty Religion" witnessed no addition through faith-increase in twelve months. Now, these are facts that you get from statistics. Isn't it time that the Church should be stirred? Isn't it time that something should be done?

Now, I want to say — because there are a good many ministers here, and Church officers — I want to say I believe that if these men conducted their business in the way the Church business is conducted at the present day, they would be bankrupt in six months; and if the newspapers did so, they'd close up their business inside of the same period.

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I think it a calamity when a minister comes to preaching only once a week, and then is so overworked as to need a vacation. He tires himself out preaching about thirty sermons a year. What do you say? Am I "hurting your feelings"? It is hurting feelings all around. These reporters ask something new and sensational! I wish they would hunt up those statistics and find out if Boston is better than ten years ago. It may be, and may not be! You know. Let a little light in!

Another thing, about working up our meetings. They had a meeting in Carnegie Hall last Friday night, and they were going to have a "Mission Rally." I forget how many denominations assisted. They had Dr. Storrs give one of his magnificent addresses; and Bishop Fowler of the Methodist Church was there. They were going to have a "Great Rally" in Carnegie Hall. But they say it wasn't one-half, or one-third, full. Why? Lack of advertising. Suppose they had spent fifty dollars in advertising? When we started out in '93 — at the World's Fair in '93 — I got religious notices into the Amusement columns, and some of the religious papers said: "You are degrading religion." I replied: "Let's get down where the people are." We had five theaters running every Sunday, with at least a hundred and

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ten meetings right along. But we spent the money advertising. You say: "We can't get the money"? Pass the hat around when you meet each other. Make one hand wash the other. You can get it. There's no inspiration talking to empty pews. Preachers must fill the pews or move. I don't believe a man who has a call from God to preach is called to preach to empty pews.

I was invited to Brooklyn some time ago to speak; and the man who drove me over left me at the wrong church. I looked up, and all the notice I could find was the undertaker's. I went from church to church, to find out where I was going to preach; I finally went into one and saw the minister who had invited me, and I knew I was at the right place. But that church wasn't half full. I would have had three or four churches, if they had taken the pains to advertise. Now, the idea of no notices except the undertaker's sign out! That's a nice way for doing business. (Laughter.) You laugh at it. You find church after church with no notices, Jewish synagogue, Roman Catholic, and Protestant.

When we were in London, we would have forty or fifty churches in a district, and we had notices on every one of those churches, and every church had to advertise its meetings. Every

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one belonging to one of those churches was more or less committed to the movement, and we filled the buildings right along. We had ten thousand people at every meeting, and for eight months. Now, people are shocked if you dare put notices out that you are going to have meetings in that church. Put up a big bulletin board, and don't be afraid. I had to get some bulletin boards to carry around to the churches, and they had to read them on Sunday.

We have got to have more "shocks"! Don't be afraid of them. I heard a good thing in New York this time. They'd got a man into a Rescue Mission, who said, "It's a lie! It's a lie! You say that Jesus will save sinners. It's a lie! You're a sham! I sought him all last night! I didn't see anything!" Another rose up and said: "It isn't a lie. I was a thief and he saved me, and I've been saved five years." Another said: "I was a drunkard, and I've been saved for four years." Every man was ready to defend the cause. It isn't a bad thing to have a shock once in a while. The idea that there are four thousand churches that hadn't had an addition in one year, by profession of faith! How long will it take to reach this world? Some people will say "you hurt our feelings." Very well; let us hurt their feelings until something is done. A good many of us

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have special meetings. Put a notice in the papers that you are going to have meetings; then have people go through all the district and invite other people out; do this and I'll tell you, if you keep at it, there will be no trouble about filling your church. How did I get a reputation? I had to go out and ask people to come to hear me speak. I used to have a band of men who would invite people to come and hear Moody. Who's he? It's my business to let it be known that I am going to preach. The men who were asked would go down a block and get another invitation; and so every block they went, they were getting invitations. That's the way I got my audiences. But, you say: "I wouldn't like that. It's not dignified."

My friend, let dignity go! That's not one of the "fruits of the Spirit"! Don't you know we've got too much dignity? What we want is to "get 'em" for the Master. I notice these reporters don't care much for dignities! When the Church gets as wide awake as the Press, we shall have things done.

I think you will find that almost every person here whom God has used has had some other person to help him into the light; and I believe that is the secret of all Christian work. If the Church of God should go into training today for that work, we should have a different state of things.

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There are four kinds of meetings that, I think, every church should have. First, there's the building up — the feeding of the flock. That's now done, as a general thing, all over Christendom every Sunday morning. That seems to me to be the proper time. Perhaps the minister couldn't do better to build up his flock and instruct them than in the morning. Then, there's another service, in which we meet together to pray for one another and for the Church. Then, there ought to be a praise service, more suited to praise than to prayer, and the really true Church will be a Praise Church as much as a Prayer Church. Then, there's a service when we come together to work, not so much to hear from man as to hear from God — where we meet around the Lord's Table, and where we let God speak to us. I don't believe that Christians are going to conquer who don't have some time alone with God.

I was very much touched, a few years ago, when my little boy, my youngest — He is quite small. I was in my study, and I told my wife I didn't want to be disturbed; I wanted to be uninterrupted. I got on a line of truth and was tracing it, every word, through the Scriptures, when I heard a gentle knock at the door. I said: "I don't want to be interrupted now." But the knocking kept on. I said, "Come in!"

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My little boy entered. I thought, "I can dispose of him." "Paul," I said, "what do you want?" He answered, "I don't want anything, only to be with you." I couldn't put him out then. Not by a good deal. I went to the closet and got some toys and spread them out on the floor before the little fellow, and I said, as he looked up at me: "The dear little fellow wants to be with me!" I think there are times when the Lord wants us to be with Him, not only when we come to ask for something, but when He comes to ask for something. So there are times when we ought to be alone and let God talk with us.

Now the service that I want to speak of ought to be followed by an after meeting, a meeting where the Gospel is proclaimed. I make a marked distinction between the building up of the Church, the flock, and the prayer meeting, and the Christian Endeavor meeting; the meeting of praise, the prayer meeting, and the Gospel hand-work. I believe we ought to have one service every week, and that Sabbath evening, all over Christendom, is the best time for a Gospel address, where the claims of Christ are pressed upon the people and where Christ is lifted up as the hope of this world. I believe that, every Sabbath, we should have that in the length and breadth of this land. Look at the

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multitudes we would have in most of our churches, and they would be added to the Church of God. And when there comes more or less of an awakening, then there should be important special meetings every night.

Listen! If a man gets awakened on Sunday night — suppose he is a drinking man; suppose the man has some besetting sin, and he doesn't get any sympathy at home, and all his associates are bad — he is impressed on Sabbath evening, and you don't have another meeting until the next Sabbath night, the seed is sown, but the devil catches it away; but if you had meetings Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, possibly he may be reached. He is wounded deeper on Monday night, on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday, and he comes to you asking, "What shall I do to be saved?" That's the advantage of special meetings. I think if we could have meetings about a month in your church, and let your progressive euchre go, and all that sort of business go for a month, and hold the church to that one thing, we should have thousands and tens of thousands added to the church membership, and there would not be three or four thousand churches reporting no accessions.

Now I come to the after meeting. I never think of having an after meeting until the

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impression is made. You ought to have an "atmosphere." And if you attempt to have after meetings before the people are ready, it does more harm than good. You may be having a meeting to pray; but when you have an after meeting, you ask inquirers to rise, to go to the altar, or to go to another room. What you want is to have people commit themselves, if it is no more than to raise their hands. Nine-tenths of the battle is won if I can get a man to express interest; it gives a chance to get at him and follow him up. That's the importance of having some way of getting at the people, and getting them to express their desire to be Christians.

There's one thing you want to break up in New England, and that's this awful "stiffness." It is a calamity! Why, some men will kill a meeting by their way of coming into it; slow as a snail. Then, they drop into a seat, and when they get up, they do it in such a stiff, formal way, that there's a blanket thrown over all the meeting. By and by the people take out their watches to see what time has passed. You never see such people back again. That's the end of it. But that stiffness! Break it up! How are you going to do it? If it is a social meeting, or a prayer meeting, have it begin when people don't know when it has begun.

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Instead of getting in behind the pulpit, get down among the people, and say, "What shall we sing tonight?" The meeting is going on before they know it. It is very easy. If it is an after meeting — there are two ways of having an after meeting — one way is to "kill it," the other way is to have it "go."

I was travelling with a Glasgow minister, precise in his orthodoxy. We were on a train, and he said, "Moody, we've been trying your American way of having an inquiry meeting, and it doesn't work in Scotland." "But," I replied, "the best inquiry meetings I've had, have been in Scotland." My words didn't work with that pastor. He told me he had had a minister come over from Edinburgh, and he said: "We thought we would try it, but we didn't get an inquirer." I'll tell you how he did it. He had his Edinburgh friend, a mighty speaker, preach a powerful sermon, and he made a deep impression, and the whole audience was moved. I've no doubt of it. When he had finished the sermon, he got up and said: "Eh, if there's anybody concerned about his soul, he'd better," etc., etc., "your Edinburgh friend will meet you in the Session Room." He had a great, big "IF" and fired it off before the people, and he gave the audience the impression that he didn't expect anybody, and it

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would have taken an earthquake to have got the cool-headed Scotchmen to walk up. I said, "That's just what made the failure."

The Scotchman asked, "How would you have done it?" "I'll tell you," I replied; "I would have sprung up and said: 'Now, if any of you have got to go out, you can go quietly; but I would have put the 'IF' in such a way that would show I didn't expect anybody to act on my permission. Perhaps there wouldn't have been a soul that would have left. Then I would say: 'All you who are not Christians, just come in here, and we'll have a meeting by ourselves, and all the Christians stay out here and pray.'" "Well," said the Scotchman, "I don't think that would work." It has worked right along for twenty-five years, and it is working. It worked very well in Scotland. It makes all the difference in the world where you put the "IF."

When Mr. Aitken was working among the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians had a meeting in their own church, and a very able man preached as he had never preached before for thirty years. The Spirit of the Lord came back upon him, and there was a hush of attention upon the audience, and one of the Elders said: "Now look here, Doctor; instead of pronouncing the benediction, why not do as the Episco-

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palians do — have an after meeting?” He said, “We Presbyterians never liked that kind of a meeting.” “But they get hold of the people, and why shouldn’t we? They are as conservative as we Presbyterians, and they have inquiry meetings down at Trinity and St. George’s, and if the Episcopalians do it, why shouldn’t we?” “I’ll try it, but there won’t any one come. But, I’ll try it.”

The next time he said, “If there’s any one who is concerned about his soul and will meet the Session in the Session Room, they will be glad to see him.” There wasn’t a soul went in. “I tried your plan,” he said, “but you see it didn’t work. I didn’t expect anything. You might just as well have asked them to go before a Justice of the Peace.”

I remember that I went before an Examining Committee in Doctor Kirk’s church. I was scared out of my wits at the thought of going before that body of great men to be examined — about theology! If I hadn’t been awakened, I wouldn’t have gone. I had been converted, and I got in. Though they kept me out as long as they could, I’m still there. They haven’t got me out yet. If you want to get hold of people, you must make it very easy, social like. Break up this stiffness and get at the people.

A minister once said: “How shall we have an

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inquiry meeting in the same room where we preach?" It makes no difference. Have it in the chapel, or downstairs, or right in the room. It makes no difference. The minister should know all his people. Then, if there are people there who are not Christians, and he gets converts, he is to "inquire" with them. The way to manage an after meeting is like this: Make the first service short, so that men will not look at their watches. If I get through sooner than they expect, they will say, "Dear me, I didn't believe he would be through in a half hour," and they will stay.

Now, we are going to have a meeting of perhaps twenty-five or thirty minutes. And if I preached twenty-five minutes, I would say: "I'd like to have you all stay." I'm going to put the Word of Life plainly. I have tried Carnegie Hall Sunday nights. I've been there since the first of November, every Sunday night, and we get "the Way" before them plainer than in the first sermon, with the workers all around. They are upstairs and downstairs, and they go to the strange people and talk with them. I have quiet singing, "Just as I am, without one plea," or, "I hear Thy welcome voice." All over the house I move about. I am in personal contact with those I want. We get the names and follow the people up; next you hear of conversions.

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I heard of eight who came forward and joined one church. I believe that could be done all over this city. I believe we shall find inquirers, if we will make up our minds to try. I believe there's a greater awakening among the unconverted than among the church-members; that's my honest opinion. I am amazed to learn how the people search the newspapers for reports of our meetings. I got a letter from San Francisco recently, telling about the reading of the work in the newspapers. Let them preach against it, and preach against it! One man says I will drive people away from the Bible, if I insist upon the old doctrines. Well, I've never driven a man away on account of that, for he was driven away before. Some people talk about "backsliding," but they were people who never went upward.

Let us get back to the subject. What we want is to get a personal interest. Here is an incident of one of our young men in Chicago. We went out, in Chicago, from house to house, and from street to street, to get hold of people, and I took one of the colporteur's books, a sort of letter of introduction, that I might have an excuse to speak to this man. He protested that he didn't want the book. But I wanted to talk with him about his soul. The man got interested and bought the book. He was five miles

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away from our meetings; but he came that five miles to tell that he and his wife were converted, and he wanted more books, that others might enjoy his experience. There's no doubt about reaching the people if the right way is taken.

Let us come down to personal work. I know that there's a class of people who tell you that these after meetings do harm. The minister has made an impression; he has sowed the seed, and you don't want to disturb it. My friends, listen! When you sow your seed, if you know about farming, you know the farmer must harrow it in and brush it in. These are meetings to "harrow it in." These solemn impressions that the minister makes are weeded out inside of twenty-four hours, if you don't follow them up.

Another thing: Ministers make a mistake if they don't get to work. If personal work is not used, the people will go away to whist parties, dancing parties, progressive euchre, and to things of that sort. Lord Overton was brought up with wine on his table and Scotch whiskey, brought right up with it, and he told me how he gave it up. He said he was trying to lead a young man, in his position in life, to Christ, and he knew that the only hope for this young man was his giving up the practice of liquor drinking. He said: "I was so afraid he would

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talk with me and ask me if I didn't drink. He did do that very thing, and I said: 'I won't drink again.'" And now Lord Overton will not touch drink. Why? Because he wanted to be of use to God. Since I have been trying to lead men to Christ, if I find anything in my life that hinders my usefulness, I give it up.

I believe if you will only get the ministers to stir the church-members to work, you will have success in the work. If you don't, then Satan will. If a minister has twenty, thirty or forty Christian men and women scattered through the audience, and they go to people they know, who are not Christians, I tell you there'll be accessions to the church every communion, right along.

Now you will say: "Tell us how to do it." I have had people ask me how to do it. You take an infidel, or a man who doesn't believe in the Divinity of Christ. Listen! You can't lay down rules. Of all of the people that I have talked to, I don't know that I have talked to two in just the same way in my life. I never tell a man my experience. Why? A man is awakened, and if I tell a man my experience, he will begin to look for my experience right away, and he will never have it. A man will say: "I was converted the same way St. Paul was." I don't believe it. God never repeats himself.

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No two people were ever converted in the same way in all the history of the world. No two people look alike. Now, if we wanted to make people look alike, and walk alike, we would make moulds, and if they didn't fit them, we would break their bones, every bone in their bodies. It would be awfully monotonous, wouldn't it, if all looked alike and talked alike?

Men say if a man isn't converted suddenly, "It is all nonsense." Sometimes men are converted suddenly; but at other times it's as the morning sunrise. You can't tell just when the light began to dispel the darkness. There are no two cases exactly alike. Suppose men asked Bartimeus how he got his sight. Bartimeus would say: "He didn't send me to any pool; he filled my eyes with mud." "Why," they say; "we never heard of such a thing." "Yes, he just spoke and I was cured." No two were converted alike. Take Nicodemus and the woman at the well. It would have been a rank poison to have given Nicodemus what Christ gave that woman, or the woman what he gave Nicodemus. What may be good medicine for one may be poison for another. Nicodemus needed a different treatment from the woman at the well. Take Paul, the persecutor, and take Matthew, the publican. You've got to

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deal with those two men altogether differently. Or, take the publican and the Pharisee. Take the two sons in the Fifteenth of Luke, the elder brother and the other brother, and you can't deal with the two men alike. Take the two men in the parable — the one who said he would go, and didn't, and the other who repented and went. Jacob and Esau were different. You can't lay down rules. If a man is in the Spirit of God, and knows God, and knows how to "divide the Word," and is all right, God will teach him in that hour what to say.

Now I want to say to the workers: You have a good opportunity to work. I was at Faneuil Hall, Friday, and I've not seen anything in America for years that so cheered me. I believe there were a hundred men in that hall who might have been led to the light. We are praying for the Call of God. Go forward! Now, if you want a jewel to sparkle in the Saviour's crown, come down and work. The time has come for personal work, and if you are ready, God is ready. You talk about the "favored time to favor Zion." God's time is NOW. Let us take things at flood tide. Workers with God! I thank God I'm in the fight and the battle is on!

THE SOUL WINNER *

“And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt: and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.” DANIEL xii. 2, 3.

THE Twelfth Chapter of the Prophecy of Daniel, the second and third verses. “And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt: and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.” Let me read that third verse again.

Now, mark you, these are not the words of some hot-headed Evangelist, the words of some young man in the flush of youth, but they are the words of an old statesman who stood as high in his day as Bismarck ever stood in Germany, or Gladstone in England, or any statesman that we have ever had in this country.

In the evening of his life this is the testimony of that grand and noble character — Daniel. Fifty years before, he had been taken as a cap-

* Delivered in Boston, January 28, 1897, in Tremont Temple.

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tive in Jerusalem and led down by Nebuchadnezzar into Babylon. If some one had predicted that this young man was going to outrank Nebuchadnezzar and surpass Darius or Belshazzar, he would have been considered a lunatic. And yet, we find that was what happened. This man outlived all the men of his day. I don't know that we should have known anything about Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, Darius, or Cyrus, if they hadn't been connected with this man.

People talk about "hard roads." That man had a harder road than any one in this day ever thought of — taken as a captive into a nation of idolaters whose language he didn't understand, and whose people looked down on the Jews with greater contempt than on any other nation under the sun. Despite all the opposition and obstacles, the captive Daniel rose and shone brighter than almost any other man on the pages of history; outshone any man of the five hundred years before him or of the five hundred years after him; and he has been growing for two thousand five hundred years, and still he shines, and will shine on. If he shines so brightly down here in this dark world, how much brighter must he shine in that world to which he has gone! "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament;

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and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

- ✓ Now, the fact is all men like to shine, and the quicker you find that out, the better. Business men — all the business men here in Boston are struggling to get at the head. A man says: "If I can stand at the head of the commercial world, I shall be satisfied." There is a great struggle going on. Go to Harvard, and you will find the men there interested in their professions, each wanting to stand at the head. These reporters — every one of them — want to excel, and every newspaper wants to beat the other; every soldier wants to rise to the head of the army, where he is going "to shine." All our statesmen are anxious to be at the head; they want to get to the White House. And the mother, she has a boy at school, and if he gets to the head of his class, she manages to let everybody know it. If he is valedictorian, she will let it be known. You all want to be known.
- ✓ You all want to shine.

Now, here Daniel tells us who are going to shine; and you know there is no fiction about it. There's nothing said about the millionaires going to shine. I suppose they had millionaires down there in Babylon; they had the great of the nations of the earth, and the wealth of the earth flowed into Babylon; and there were

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many who built up families; but we don't know. They don't shine. They may glitter for a short time, but it doesn't last.

We are not told that the business men are going to shine forever and ever. Daniel didn't tell us that the politicians and statesmen are going to shine forever, and I think he was a statesman who stood as high as anybody of that land. But he didn't shine as a statesman. "*They that be wise shall shine.*" That's what he says. Oh, hear it! "They that turn many to righteousness." "He that winneth souls is wise." That's the teaching of Scripture. Very few men can get at the head of an army. Very few can stand very high in the navy or in business. Nearly seventy per cent. of those going into business fail. Look at the failures all around you! How few pull through! "He that winneth souls is wise." The fact is that the glory of this world is transient. It passes away.

I was in Paris in '67. When Napoleon III passed through the streets of that city the people went wild. It was the Exposition year, and everybody was stretching his neck to get a sight of Napoleon III. Those were the days in the history of Napoleon when he wanted to shine. I remember, one day when I was at the Exposition, there was the Prince Imperial, and I thought the people had all gone mad. They

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shouted — and the noise was terrific — because the Prince Imperial had come in. Four years after that, Napoleon was hurled from his throne, and had to flee to England, where he died in exile; and a little coffin, a small coffin, held all of him who was once so great. They haven't been willing to let his body go back to France; and the Prince Imperial went to his death outside of France. The glory of this world is transient; and how soon it passed away!

My dear friends, let us be wise and live forever. "He that winneth souls is wise." That is true wisdom. The man who makes this world better is going to live forever, and the man who lives a mean, selfish life — he may shine for a little while down here, but after all he is missing that which is sweet and beautiful, and he will soon be forgotten. The names of many men are forgot about as soon as they are laid in the grave. I would stir you up this day to go out into this dark world and win some one else. Oh, if you succeed in winning one soul, your life won't be a vain one! I want a monument. These monuments of brass and stone don't amount to anything. They will crumble. But if you win and save ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand, see how the stream goes on deepening and widening forever! That is the privilege of every soul here today.

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I remember when I was a young man I saw two pictures. One was of a person who was drowning; the person had come out of the water to a cross on a rock, to which the figure clung with both arms. The other was the picture of a person coming out of the water, out of the jaws of death, and reaching the arm down to get hold of some one else. The first picture I didn't want: it told of self; the other I liked, as it spoke of the rescue of a fellow being. There's a lot of that kind of religion. "Let the world go; I've got my arms around the Cross!" O man! If you are saved, haste to the rescue!

I was up in Minnesota a few years ago, and this blizzard today reminds me of it. There was a man out there who got caught in one of those blizzards, and a blizzard out there is a blizzard! It rushes in from those great rolling prairies, where the wind comes from the north pole, and there's nothing to stop it. This man got lost in the storm, and he was just ready to sink down and die when he saw a light in a log cabin. Some one had thought: "There may be one lost tonight who will need this"; and a light was placed in the cabin window. He got out of the storm, and since then he has become a wealthy man, and has bought a farm where that log cabin stood. He built another dwelling and put a light-house up on the top. In

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this a lamp is kept burning every night in the hope that some lost one may see it and be guided to safety. I like that; don't you? Well, go and light up some wanderer in life's storm! If some one has told you the Way into the Kingdom of God, hasten to tell somebody else. Do you know how this world is to be saved? If you meet a man in trouble, take his hand and tell him how you found peace. Be a preacher! Instead of a few, we want a thousand.

I used to have a rule that proved a wonderful help to me: it was never to let a day pass without speaking to somebody about his eternal welfare, and if I didn't do any good to anybody else, it kept me warm. It was a great exercise for me, and it kept my interest in others, my sympathies alive.

I was living in Chicago. At ten o'clock one night I recalled that that day I hadn't said anything to anybody about the Kingdom of God. I walked out and met a man standing by a lamp-post. I said: "Are you a Christian?" The man in his anger was going to strike me. He told me it was none of my business. I wasn't aware that the man knew me, so I passed on. This man went to a friend of mine, a mutual friend, and said: "Do you know, that man Moody is doing more harm than any other man in Chicago is doing good? I was standing

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up against a lamp-post, and he talked to me about my soul." My friend came to me and said: "You are too zealous. You do more harm than good. There's such a thing as having too much zeal."

Have zeal, if it is good zeal. I would rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal. Don't let these *conservative* men scare you out of your wits. Zeal without knowledge! I pity those men who have great knowledge and no fire back of it. If you've got your head full of knowledge, get up and go. Tell a man in this storm that you are going to talk to him about his soul. You couldn't have a better day. I am not out of my head by a good deal. I wasn't out of my head when I spoke to that man at ten o'clock at night. My friend labored with me; he thanked God he never followed me. But if you are going to take what this man says, or consider how that man feels, you'll never be great for the cause of Christ. Keep going ahead. Every day do a little something for the cause of God.

Some one has described this world as being made up of two great mountains, the one a mountain of sorrow and wretchedness, and the other one of delight. If you can take a little off the mountain of sorrow and wretchedness, it enlarges the other.

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Well, about three months from the day I have been telling you about — it was just before I was married — I was sleeping in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. — I was sexton, janitor, superintendent, president, and director, all there was to it officially — one bleak winter morning I heard someone knocking at the door. I awoke and called out: "Who's there?" "A stranger." "What do you want?" "I want to talk with you about my soul." I opened the door, and there stood a man shaking all over. I imagined he had delirium tremens. I was after these drinking men, as Murphy is now. I didn't know but that he was drunk. He asked: "Do you remember stopping a man down on Lake street about ten o'clock one stormy night, and he got angry and cursed you?" I told him I remembered that. "I am that man," he said, "and for three months I haven't had any peace. I have come to tell you that I want to know what to do to become a Christian. Can't I do something for Christ?" He wanted to know how he might work for Christ. I asked him over to my own Sabbath School, and he went to work with a class of rough boys. That man as a Christian enlisted in the army and was cut down in battle.

I believe there are hundreds of men who can be saved in Boston, thousands of them, if we

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could get right at them. Don't wait! Take them in cold blood. I hear about my being over-zealous. I will talk to men on the street, nor wait to be introduced. People think you must get them out to special meetings, and have them rise up. I don't believe that many in this audience will have a better chance to do work in Boston than today. Why, everybody is talking about the question of Salvation. Some talking against the meetings, and some talking for them! Never mind the meetings. Go to them and tell them about seeking God. "They that be wise shall shine as the stars forever and ever." Would to God I could think of something that will stir you up, set you all on fire! I like to see a man on fire, I must confess. I am not afraid of it. I like this holy fire. It is a good thing — do you know it — to catch fire. You've got to have fire to set fire with. You've got to have life to propagate life. I want fire. May God set us on fire, that we may illuminate this city.

When I first went West and got into those log school houses, I was a drummer. I used to speak, if I got a chance, for Christ. On one occasion a man asked me: "Will you speak again this evening?" Then he added: "My young brother from Chicago is passing through our town, and he has promised to speak here

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tonight, at early candle-light." That's the way he gave it out, you know. We always used to go around a little ahead of time, and a man would turn up with an old, dingy lantern he had to feed his cattle with, and he would stick it up on a bench to light the school house. I hadn't a light, but they brought their light. Then a woman would come with a lamp filled with sperm oil, and she would bring it out from under her shawl, and she would put it on a school bench, and then another a tallow dip, a candle, and how it would splutter! And by the time we got the old school house filled, we had plenty of light. If everybody had a little light, it would light it. That man up in the gallery says "Amen." I hope he has got *his* light lit. If you can't be a light-house, you can light up your tallow dip. They burned up Portland with a fire-cracker. Do what you can!

I remember, speaking about "being on fire," the first time I went to Europe in '67. They said: "The Honorable G. H. Stuart is to be at Edinburgh at the General Assembly; Dr. Duff is to speak on foreign missions. If he makes a speech you can't afford to miss it." I got that speech. I went over from London to Edinburgh, four hundred miles, and I didn't have much money either, but I spent one week there — because at that time the city was warm for

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God. I hoped to be fired up. If you have a man that has fire, get near to him. In that speech in '67, Dr. Duff stood for one hour and a half and plead with the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, made up of the leading ministers of that country, six or eight hundred men and the finest men in the land. For an hour and a half he plead for India, with all the power God gave him. He was trying to stir up Scotland, and at last he fainted away, and they carried him out into the vestibule, and they worked over him. When he came to he said: "Where am I?" They said, "In the Assembly Hall." "Yes, I remember. I was making a plea for India. Yes. I didn't quite finish my speech. Take me back, and let me finish my speech!" One said, "Dr. Duff, if you go back, you do it at the peril of your life. I beg you, let me take you home in my carriage." The Doctor said, "The General Assembly breaks up tonight, and it is my last opportunity. Take me back and let me finish my speech! I'll die if I don't."

I like that kind of enthusiasm. I pray God to let me keep my enthusiasm until He takes me home. The Hon. George H. Stuart said, "Of all scenes, I never saw anything like that." Dr. Duff had a great, long beard and white hair, and he was so weak that he had to have two

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men help him up on the platform, and when the Elders saw him, they rose and they raised a long plaudit, and were in tears, and the old veteran stood there and said:

“Mr. Moderator! Is it true that Scotland has no more sons to give to India? When Queen Victoria wants men to go there, there are hundreds of men who want to go, are anxious to go, and parents buy commissions, and give money to get their sons into the army of India; and here is the Lord Jesus calling for volunteers, money in the bank and no men! Fathers and mothers say they don’t want their sons exposed to the diseases of India, and are afraid they will lose them. Now, Mr. Moderator, if it is true that Scotland has no more sons to give to India, if you will announce it here tonight, and though I have come back in my old age to die with my family, and with a shattered constitution — if it is true that Scotland has no more sons, I will pack up tomorrow and be off to the shores of the Ganges and let the people of India know that there is one poor old Scotchman who is ready to die for them.”

That’s what I call fire and enthusiasm. My friends, I would today that I could fire you up to go out and win people to Christ. What an opportunity you have! What a day this is for Boston! It is not often the breath of God

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comes upon a city like Boston. People are thinking. Men in their bed-chambers are thinking; they lie down at night and think, and get up in the morning and think; and now it is the time to point them to Jesus Christ.

It is said of Napoleon I that after one of his great battles, he had some medals struck off giving an account of the battle on one side, and on the other side these words: "I was there." My friends, the battle of life will soon be over. The conflict here with many of us will soon be over, and it will be a great thing when the struggle is over to say: "I was there." The old veterans would take out those medals and show them, and say, "I was there." Let us go into the holy battle; let us haste to the rescue, and let every one of us remember that "They that be wise shall shine as the sun in the firmament; and they that win many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever." You can shine forever, if you will.

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"Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which showed before the coming of the Just One, of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers."

ACTS vii. 52.

THERE are ten addresses in the Book of Acts. First, Peter preached on the Day of Pentecost; then in the Temple, the time the man was healed and five thousand converted. The next, when Peter and John were arrested and brought before the Sanhedrin, and Peter said, "There's no other Name given under heaven whereby ye must be saved." Fourth, when all the apostles were arrested and brought before the same Council. The Sanhedrin had given them instructions not to preach any more in His Name; but they have gone out and continued to preach in His Name. They were brought before the Council. See the twenty-eighth verse of the Fifth Chapter. "Did not we strictly command you that you should not teach in this name, and behold ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrines."

Now it was but a few days since Christ had ascended to glory, and these very men, men that

* Delivered in Tremont Temple, February 2, 1898.

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hadn't any reputation, men without note, and without titles to their names, unlettered men, had filled all Jerusalem with their doctrines. It shows what can be brought about when men begin to testify for God, and speak out. "Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, We ought to obey God rather than you." Now, there is a mighty principle told right there. When the laws of man conflict with the law of God, we have no choice; we are to go against the laws of man. If these great corporations insist upon making laws that we are to do unnecessary work on the Sabbath, we are to oppose them, and fight to the bitter end. What we want is men, men that stem the current of an ungodly world.

Any man or any woman can go with the world. We need men who can oppose the world if need be. "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree." It made no difference where they went, or what their opposition — they always brought in the fact that Christ died. They were going to get the Gospel before the Council, and her chief men in Jerusalem were to hear the fact that Jesus Christ was the God of Glory, "Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour."

LISTEN! "And we are his witnesses." There it is again, and every time they are arrested

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they bring in the fact that they are witnesses for Christ. They don't say, "We are his preachers," or orators, but "we are His witnesses, and stand to testify that Christ died and rose again, and has gone up on high."

Some one tells us that it is not the *Death* of Christ — they preach his Death, Resurrection and Ascension, and they lay emphasis upon the latter. In the days of the Exodus, God didn't say to Moses, "Tie a live lamb upon the door-posts." He said, "When I see the *blood*, I will pass over." It was Death that made the Israelites safe away back there in Goshen. Every man having the blood on his door lintels was as safe as if he walked the heavenly streets. The innocent suffer for the guilty. The lamb that was slain, away back there in Abel's day, was to atone for sin. That's the teaching of Scripture. "We are witnesses of these things."

You very often hear people pray that they may have power, Holy Ghost power, and keep on praying. There are some people I have heard who prayed and were not answered. Why? It's because they were not willing to obey the Holy Ghost. If a man is willing to confess his sins and turn from them, and go right out and set to work, God is willing to meet him. You remember when Elijah was called up, Elisha wanted to receive a double portion of the Spirit,

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and he got a double portion of the Spirit. He didn't say, "I wish I had it. He promised it, but I don't know if the promise is to be fulfilled." When he got to Jordan he smote it. He went out by faith on the promise, If we confess our sins, God is faithful, just, to cleanse us from our sins. Now if you have attained that blessing, go right to work for God. You will be blessed in the work. I don't believe you can go anywhere and fold your arms and say, "I hope God will fill me with His Spirit, and endue me with power." You'll never get the power till you rise and work for it.

I am back here to stir you up, and to get you to go to work, and you'll be blest in the very effort of doing something for others, for somebody else. If you want your captivity turned to freedom, go to work. Power is for service. Then begin right off, and go to work. There's work for all. There's no difficulty. I don't care what your difference is in position. The proud may look down on you, and sneer. Never mind.

Another famous sermon. That's the longest in the whole book and preached, not by a man that had a title to his name, but just an ordinary church-member, a deacon. There was much time taken up looking after the temporal things by the apostles, and they said, "We must have

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some deacons, full of faith and the Holy Ghost.” It would be a nice thing to pick out a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost; not because he has money, or political power, or because he’s got some influence that perhaps is not of the very best kind, or has the very best kind of influence, if he’s put into office. Would to God we could keep close to Him, and could elect men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost! Get a minister full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and a Board of like character, and that church, wherever it is, will be a great beacon light. But if you have a minister full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and a lot of elders playing cards, and horse-racing, you haven’t much power.

This world is in revolt against God, and you must bring it back. And you could if men were full of the Holy Ghost. Now, the apostles selected some deacons of that kind. They found a young man, and his name was Deacon Stephen. He began to preach, and with so much power that the whole city was moved by him. I wish we could get back to that. There are those who cannot be reached by the faith of the ministers.

When our War broke out, we had a little handful of about twenty-five thousand regular soldiers. What was that to put down the Confederacy? We had to call out volunteers, and with the regulars they put down the Confed-

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eracy. And what we want today is the regular, ordinary ministers and also the laymen working together. Just now we want a thousand Stephens. Do you know, I don't believe our cities are going to be evangelized until we have laymen in to work. Let them preach! Somebody will complain because they haven't been ordained, and haven't "Reverend" attached to their names. "Reverend and Holy shall be called the name of God." Let them go on without the Reverend; go on without D.D. and LL.D., and do the work. All we ask is that they shall have the gift, the heart to reach the common people. There are the masses, more than forty million of people in this country who don't go to church. How shall they be reached? Let us get some more Stephens.

In the old country a man said he hadn't "Orders." Orders from whom? I'm not going to have a man lay hands on me who can't control his temper. But when a man is full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, let them lay hands on him as they did on Stephen. How did this layman preach? He began with, "Brethren and Fathers." He then talked about Abraham and about Moses, and he came along down the straight, clear way; there's not a boy in Sunday School but could have done as Stephen did. It was like a Sunday School scholar to tell the

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history of Israel. The people listened. "The God of our fathers." And Stephen talked of Abraham and Moses and of the prophets; and when he got along towards their own days, he began to talk about their crucifying Christ; then they began to squirm. You can stand up before an audience like this, and talk about Abraham and the failings of the patriarchs, and they like it; and they like to have a man marching up and down the country talking about "The Mistakes of Moses," but when you talk about their mistakes, they get mad, and when you talk about the sins of the present day, they don't like it.

A young man took a church in Scotland, where there had been an old minister for fifty years. That church had gone to sleep. This young man began to speak of modern sins and the "old bottle." And they took him to one side, and said: "If you expect to hold this position, and please this congregation, you must be very careful not to bear down upon their sins. Don't go any nearer than the olden days." They'll stand it pretty well if you hit somebody else, as you stand it well if I hit somebody else; but if I hit you, you want to go. Herod liked John the Baptist's preaching first rate. If you had met Herod in those days, you would have heard him say: "I don't like the man any better

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than I did." And when John said to Herod, "It is not lawful for you to have your brother's wife," he didn't like it. "I'll never go to hear that man again. He's too personal." Well, it wasn't long before he took John's head off. It's true today as in Herod's time. I can get people so mad they'll walk out. Last Sunday I was in Ohio, and I talked about men renting their houses for vile uses. I said to a man, about another, "What's the matter with that man? Why is he in that business?" The man I addressed got up and went out. If some of you get up and go out, we shall know what it means. These men didn't go out, but Stephen got down to them, and when he talked about murdering Christ, they began to gnash their teeth. Stephen had a shining face, and for eighteen hundred years he has been known as "the man with the shining face." Don't go about with a frown or a snarl, but with a face illuminated with the light of Heaven. God's service is not tedious or hard; it is a joy and delight to do His bidding and to work for Him.

Stephen had a shining face, standing there and bearing down on the sins of the Sanhedrin. It was a good sermon, that preached by Stephen, it was perfectly Scriptural. It would be a good thing, if a speaker is to preach a good sermon,

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to preach one of the sermons preached back in that olden time.

The fifty-second verse. "Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One, of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers."

If you asked who the great men were in the days of Noah, the answer wouldn't be "Noah." He wasn't anybody when he lived. You ask in the days of Moses who the great men were; the answer would be Abraham, Noah, and Enoch, somebody in the past. Coming along down, and asking who in the days of Elijah was great; was it Elijah? Not at all, it would have been Moses and Aaron. And in the days of John the Baptist it would have been Elijah and Moses and those that have passed. But after a man has been dead awhile the world begins to appreciate him. Tradition has it that Isaiah while alive was sawed asunder. Some of the best men were put to death because the light where they stood was so strong that it blinded the men in the world. "And they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One, of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers: who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it. When they heard these things, they were cut

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to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God."

You remember when Christ went up, he took his seat at the right hand of God, and here was the first martyr laying down his life for the Son of God, and he "saw Christ standing at the right hand of God." We only get one glimpse of him. He was elected deacon, and he went right to work. And see how much he accomplished! It's not the length of life, but how you spend it. Methuselah lived a thousand years, and we don't know that he did anything worth while. Look at Stephen — one sermon, and how it has been preached and talked about for centuries, and will be talked about as long as the Church is to be on earth. And how much is it thought of in the years past; how much will be thought of it in the centuries to come.

Do you know that I firmly believe that we have in Boston a thousand men that can preach as well as could Stephen? There are hundreds in Tremont Temple today who, if filled with the Holy Ghost, could go out and preach as well as Stephen. As I said before, I don't believe

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these great cities will be evangelized until the laymen take up the work of the ministry. Now, here are the theaters, and the music halls, and the larger halls, why should they not be opened Sunday after Sunday, and filled by laymen speakers? Look at a judge who sits on the bench and charges a jury, and who pronounces sentence on the prisoner. If that same judge would preach now and then, and try to save men from going astray, wouldn't it be a good thing? We should have a lot of Christian judges in America, if they were but filled with the Holy Ghost. Did you ever go into court and hear the lawyer carry the court with him? Many of them are Christian men. Now, suppose they should preach; how much would be accomplished, if we could get a Christian lawyer to be a witness for the Son of God. How many merchants there are here in Boston who would have influence if they preached to the masses. Some of you smile. I think it's the most practical thing in the world. I don't see how we are going to evangelize these cities unless this is done.

In Liverpool, I went to the largest hall, and I found the speaker was an intellectual broker. He preached twice every Sunday. Many were under conviction and many were converted. When that man died, he had one of the largest churches in Liverpool, and thousands on thou-

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sands of the men in Great Britain were converted under his ministry. He worked every Sabbath, and one night in the week he devoted to that kind of work. Then there was another great building that seated five thousand people, and a layman spoke to five thousand people, and they were converted by hundreds all around him, and an immense amount of good was done. I went to Manchester, and the largest hall was packed twice every Sabbath by another broker preacher. In London, I found men of the nobility preaching in the theaters, and men were being convinced and converted. I believe that the theaters will yet be opened on the Sabbath, and in a way that will win the people. I want some Stephens to step out now and press forward. Let a judge speak, and some will say: "I don't think that's professional." Thank God, some are stirring men now, and they work for us, and for those men who can't work for themselves. There's one lady in New York City who has thirteen missionaries working to evangelize that city. It is not only the Stephens, but you men, but you women, every one of you, who can work if you will. The field is open now to any man or woman who has a heart for the work. God can use them.

There was a Quaker lady who came into our meetings in 1873, in the north of England, and

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God touched her heart and opened her eyes, and she hired a great big hall at her own expense, and sent to London and Liverpool and Manchester for workers, and entertained them and fed them. She has done it since 1873. I met her son in Minneapolis, and I asked him if his mother was keeping up that work. "Doubtless," said he. Three thousand working men were reached by that Quaker lady, and hundreds and thousands were rescued by that woman's doing something for the Master. I remember in Birmingham there was a meeting like this, and a lady sat there, who said: "Well, now, I don't see why I can't do something. I have means and I've no family, nor family ties, so I can't see why I shouldn't be worth something to somebody." She took a house; then she hunted up her fallen sisters, and told them if they would come around to her house—she didn't call it a Place of Refuge—she would be very glad to help them in any way she could. When they came, she made the place as cheerful and cozy as possible. She had pleasant readings for them; she had a sewing machine, everything indeed to take their minds off of their past lives. That woman rescued four hundred of these fallen sisters who were going to ruin, and she made such an impression upon that town that when she died, the Mayor and the Council said, "This

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work must not stop"; and they've kept that work up ever since. That's one woman!

When we think of Stephen and what one man accomplished, we come here and pray God for the Holy Ghost. Let us go out for work. There's not a man or woman here, not one, that loves Jesus Christ, if the record is clean and the heart's all right, but can do good work. If you can't open a hall, go out on the streets. When I was in Edinburgh, they told me that one of the worst places was in Cow Court, one of the darkest streets of Edinburgh. But, rain or shine, Sundays and cloudy days, every night right along for twenty-nine years, there has been a religious meeting there. One man took it on Monday, and another on Tuesday, and another on Wednesday, and so on through the week. I like the Scotch grit; there's no cessation in the meetings. Just at a quarter to eight a man came and backed himself up against a lamp-post. In a few minutes he had a crowd; and then they marched up to the building — it was a miserable looking building. I had the pleasure of trying to get the people of Edinburgh to put him up a good building; but without this they have had a meeting right along every Sunday for between thirty and forty years. Some of the finest men today in Scotland who are standing for the Son of God were converted at Cow Gate near to

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that lamp-post. There are many of these laymen, not only willing to go there nights, but at other times. Lord Overton, of Scotland, is one of the best lay-speakers, a man of position and wealth, and there isn't a week passes that he is not speaking in some part of the United Kingdom. Not only in Glasgow, but all through Scotland and England that man's influence is felt. And so it can be today if the Christian men and women will rise up and say: "I'll not wait any longer for any Christian committee to put me to work!" Oh, the power that's in this hall today! You can be a Stephen, if you will. You can speak as well as Stephen did, if you have the Spirit. That's what we want. Somebody who can stand and testify for Christ.

You notice that Stephen had a shining face. They accused him of blaspheming Moses. The late Dr. Andrew Bonar, in Northfield, said, "I've noticed that the moment they accused Stephen of blasphemy, he had that same shining face that Moses had." Another thing about Moses and Stephen is this: Everything about Moses — his birth and life — is put forth like a panorama; but when it comes to his death, no man was a witness to that. It is all covered up. But Stephen — we don't know where he was born, or who his parents were, or where they lived, but we know he preached one sermon,

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and there is an accurate account of his falling asleep and being borne away by the weeping church, and that there were great lamentations over him. There's no funeral recorded that has been so much spoken of as that of this man — the man who lived so near heaven that he looked in, and saw the Son of Man standing by the seat of God.

Now, I must go on to the next sermon. It is the last Peter ever preached; it is to the Gentiles. Peter was the instrument of unlocking the door to let the Gentiles in. Ten years have passed. There's a meeting at Cesarea; a Roman soldier has been brought under conviction, and they send off thirty miles to Joppa, to get a man to tell him what to do. Do you want to know how to preach? Go and read that sermon carefully and see what Peter preached to that Roman soldier. He preached to that Gentile as he did to the Jews. Some people have an idea that you must have a different Gospel for different nations. It's the same old Gospel and the same power. I'll read one or two verses. "We are witnesses of all things which he did both in the land of the Jews, and in Jerusalem, whom they slew and hanged on a tree. Him God raised up the third day, and showed him openly: not to all the people but unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us,

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who did eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead. And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead. To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins."

And God, without one minute's delay, put His seal to that testimony, and every one in that house was convicted and converted, and was baptized right then and there. Salvation came and swept them all into the Kingdom of God. "We are witnesses that Christ died, and rose for our justification, and sits at the right hand of God." They didn't change the Gospel every time they changed the audience, or because they were going to preach to the Gentiles. They preached the simple Gospel, and God put His seal to it and God blessed it. "And," he says, "the Holy Ghost fell on them as on us at the beginning" — the same results in Cesarea when he preached to the Gentiles as in Jerusalem when he preached to the Jews.

Now, is there a man in this hall who can speak, that cannot preach the same sermon that Peter preached? Let us get a few women together, and have a service and a Bible reading, and tell them this very truth, and see if God

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won't bless your testimony. I believe if we had our homes, our little halls, and our churches open every night, that we should see a wonderful change in these cities; and I don't believe we are going to see it until we do. It is an abominable thing to see our churches open but twice in the week, and all the brothels open all the time. Now it is one thing for you to say "Amen" here, and another to get up and change it. You know I believe in the one man power. A committee is a good thing. A committee at your back is a good thing, a mighty good thing; but a committee behind your back is bad.

Now, we come to another sermon, the sermon of Paul. Paul was another witness. How did he preach? The Thirteenth Chapter of the Acts, twenty-ninth verse. "And when they had fulfilled all that was written of him, they took him down from the tree, and laid him in a sepulchre. But God raised him from the dead." The leaders change, but we have the same old Gospel. "And he was seen of them many days which came up with him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who are his witnesses unto the people." He could not say "We," but "Who" are His witnesses. But he took their testimony, "And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children, in

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that he hath raised up Jesus again, as it is also written in the second psalm, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee."

Do you know what kind of effect that had? "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

Now go down to the forty-fourth verse. "And the next Sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God." It stirred that town up, didn't it? What's the preaching? The same old Gospel that Peter preached. He didn't change one bit. That's a fact. I've not seen a man in any part of Christendom who doesn't have reserve power in his ministry. Drunkards straightened, gamblers giving up their accursed business, the depraved turning from their bad lives and becoming pure.

Why, do you know, they are trying in this day to do away with miracles; and one of the German philosophers has made the statement that if you can get rid of the resurrection of the dead and the conversion of Paul, they can sweep all the miracles out of the New Testament. One of them has made a discovery — he has got over the conversion of Paul. Paul had a sunstroke. Dr. Schauffler says, if a sunstroke

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can do such a good thing as that, it would be a good thing to put the theological speakers out in the sun! Paul had a sunstroke! Would to God all had one — reporters and all! There'd be a difference, I know, a difference in what follows.

That man Paul was a persecutor; that man hated Christ and Christians. But when the Holy Ghost came upon him, he preached the same truths Peter did. It would be the same thing now. That's what we want — the Holy Ghost. Men and women; you, young men, you wouldn't be worth a snap, if you are not filled with the Spirit. You won't be worth as much as a piece of brown paper if you are not filled with the Holy Ghost. Paul had the very best training, but what was he good for until the Holy Ghost came upon him? When the Spirit came upon him, he turned Antioch upside down. That's the kind of a man we want now; a man to turn this city rightside up tomorrow.

Now, friends, I am talking facts, and you know they are facts. You know of men who have fished all night and caught nothing, because they didn't cast the net on the right side of the ship. I know of men who preached against me twenty-five years ago. Where are they now? Go and hunt them up! I'd like to have you

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find them. You don't get afraid when you take the man — Jesus Christ. No man with the Holy Ghost has ever failed; I'll challenge you to find a Heaven-sent man that ever failed. When God sends a man there's no failure.

TRUST*

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive: and let thy widows trust in me." JEREMIAH xlix. 11.

YOU will find the word "Trust" is used in the Old Testament as a general thing where the word "Believe" is used in the New Testament. In the Old Testament you read about "turning to the Lord"; in the New Testament it is "repent." In the Old Testament "distrust," in the New "disbelief."

I find a great many people who say: "Well, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; and yet I don't think I am saved. I don't have any assurance. I don't have any peace in believing. I don't get victory over sin." So, to them I want to use the word "trust." And the six points to which I want to call your attention are these: 1. Whom *not* to trust. 2. Whom to trust. 3. When to trust. 4. How to trust. 5. Who will trust. 6. The fruit of trust.

Now, take up the first point: Whom not to trust. If we trust anything human, we are going to be disappointed. Paul says, "We

*Delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., Feb. 10, 1897, P.M.

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have the sentence of death in ourselves." If we trust in ourselves, the time is coming when our own strength is going to fail us, and we shall be disappointed. If we trust in friends, they may die and leave us, or they may turn against us. Many persons in this hall call to mind friends who were very dear to them years ago, whose friendship has ceased. You were disappointed in them; they betrayed your confidence. They were not what you thought them. If we trust in wealth, it may take wings and fly away. Many a man has been disappointed who has put his confidence in his money. A man told me some time ago that he had a good bank account, and had rather have that than faith in the Scriptures. I'd rather have it in Jesus Christ than in any bank. If you trust in fame and reputation, some slandering tongue may blast them. In fact, you want to put your trust in something beyond this world, something beyond this life. Now put your confidence in one who has never betrayed a confidence in six thousand years; who has never betrayed a trust in all these centuries, never has and never will. He cannot break one of His promises. He has said it. Shall He not make it good? The God of that Book is an unchangeable God, and if we put our trust in Him, we shall not be confounded nor disap-

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pointed. When Christ was on earth He said: "Have faith in God." That is worth more than a shipload of gold. Strong faith in the mighty God who never has and never will and never can disappoint any.

Some seem to think it is unreasonable. My dear friend, I think it is the most reasonable thing in this world that we should put our confidence in the God of that Book. A man said to me: "How can you promise that the promises are good and valuable?" I answered: "They are fulfilled every day, right along." Suppose a man had said to me forty years ago that on the first day of January he would give me a thousand dollars each year for forty years, and thirty years have passed away, and he has given me a thousand dollars every year; would I not have a pretty good reason to believe that the man is fulfilling his promises, and that he will continue so to do? As you go along day after day, how long do you doubt? I think I can doubt my existence about as easy as I can doubt God. It's not a hard thing to put your trust in Him.

Well, now, that's the starting — Whom Not to Trust. Then, Whom to Trust. Then, When to Trust. We are to trust Him at all times. We are to trust at night as well as by day. We are to trust when we cannot see how

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it is coming out, as well as when we can. There's a common saying, "I wouldn't trust that man out of my sight." That's the way a great many people treat the Almighty God. They don't say that in words; but they trust God as far as they can see, and no further. You have heard of the woman whose horse ran away with her. She was asked, "What did you do?" She trusted in the harness until it broke: then she trusted the wagon till it smashed. At last she called to God, and was saved.

A person said to me: "Your doctrine is unreasonable. How can a sensible and reasoning man believe when he can't see how it is coming out?" He can't see the end, my dear friend, but we are trusting all the time, and constantly. You put confidence in the bank. You don't know whether that bank will fail or not. Yet you trust in the bank. Isn't that trusting? What do you know about banking business? I don't know anything about it. Yet I would rather have my money there than in my pocket; it's a great deal safer there than with me.

A mother has a child very sick — her only son — who has the scarlet fever; the mother is greatly distressed and broken down at the thought that her dear child is in a dangerous condition. What did that mother do? She

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put the child in the care of the nurse and the doctor; then she left it and came down here to get sympathy; to have us pray that God would lengthen the life of that dear child. She didn't know about medicine, but she trusts the life of the child in the hands of the doctor. That's trusting when we can't see, isn't it, even when you can't reason the thing out? Or, here is a man to whom you owe an amount, and he sues you. You don't know about Blackstone or law, but you put your case in the hands of a lawyer. You commit the whole thing to him. That's trusting in the dark, when you can't see how it's coming out, and when you can't reason the whole thing out.

Now trust. Put your soul in the hands of God, and trust Him to keep it and to do what He has promised to do. He has promised to forgive you, if you turn from your sins. If you are willing to turn, He forgives you now. Believe that He means you, and trust Him to do what He promises. Love begins right there. I want to say that you'll never find a better time, a better day, than now, this very hour. Some of you challenge that statement, and say: "If I can break up my bad habits, I can get victory over a bad disposition and get a better disposition." Everything is recorded against us. If you could go on from this day and not add

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another sin but the one sin of procrastination — that is the sin you are committing — you would still be in sin. You can never trust God better than now. Right here in Tremont Temple let everlasting life begin in your soul, and put your trust in the Eternal God.

There's a story of a man in the current of a river. He had been capsized and was being swept on. There were three bridges across the stream; if he passed the third bridge it was sure death to him. They rushed to the first bridge and threw over ropes; but he passed the first bridge and didn't lay hold of the ropes; then the second, and didn't lay hold of the rope. He came to the third bridge, that was his last opportunity. But just as he was passing the last rope, he happened to seize it, and he was pulled up out of the jaws of death. I am speaking to some one who is passing the last bridge. It may be that God is calling you the last time, but now put your trust in Him. Lay hold on eternal life while it's offered you. Make up your mind that this day and hour you are going to put your trust in God.

Take another illustration: a building is on fire. The flames have got around the staircase, and the only way of escape must be from outside. There's a person up there in the fifth story. There's no escape unless God helps.

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But there's the fire escape, and we put it up to the window, and all that person has to do is to commit himself to the fire escape, and trust, and escape. Today, this hour, you must trust Him. Now is the time. When? NOW! This minute, and you can do it while I'm speaking, if you will.

I come to the next point: How to Trust Him. My friend, I have said before on this platform, and you'll let me repeat, I believe we are in the days of shams and half-heartedness. How seek Him? The Bible tells us to "seek Him with all the heart." I never see a man or woman seeking the Kingdom of God with all his or her heart who doesn't get into it. You can trust. Will you do it? When I was in Glasgow, one of the physicians of that city who stood very high, and who was at the head of the medical profession of that country, and getting on in years, came up to the platform one day, and said: "I'm not used to speaking in public, but I'd like to say a word." "Glad to have you." That man was living on borrowed time. He stood up, and there was a hush, and as it were a voice coming from heaven, from another world. He said: "I want to tell you of a great mistake made in my life. If I had my life to live over again, I wouldn't make it. I haven't served God with all my heart." There weren't

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any dry eyes there. I shall never forget that speech. O man, O woman, trust Him with all your heart! How miserable you wives feel if you haven't full confidence in your husbands; or if your husbands don't trust you with all their hearts. And how the husband feels if the wife don't trust him with all her heart. What God wants is the whole heart. It is for us to trust Him with all our hearts.

There's a story told that Alexander the Great had a favorite doctor who always went with him into all his battles. This doctor had another doctor envious of him, who wanted to get his position. One day he wrote to Alexander, and told him that that physician was going to poison him; that the next morning when he took his wine, there would be death in the goblet. The emperor read the communication to himself, and the next morning, when the doctor handed him the wine glass, he took it and held it in his hand, and then read the letter, and before the doctor could deny, he drank it down, to show that he trusted him in all his heart, and there was not a shadow of doubt. Is that the way you treat God? If you trust God in that way, you'll have no cloud, no dark days, no blue days, but it'll be better and better every day. I hope you do this all the time. I pity those people who live in Doubting Castle. Man, woman,

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get out of it! Don't say you'll try. **TRUST!** I've heard people say, "Mr. Moody, I'm going to try all I can." That means you are not trying. If I say to my friend here that I will meet you tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, and he replied: "I'll try hard to believe you," it would prove that he is not trusting me. When a man says "I'm trying," or "I'll try," blot that out. Say: "I'll trust Him with all my heart, whether I feel like it or not."

There's a story told of Dr. Chalmers, that he was up in the Highlands. Those people have a peculiar kind of theology. Some one asked a boy up there what Faith was, and he said, "Inward fears and doubts." There was a Highland woman who was "full of fears and doubts." They wanted Dr. Chalmers to come and help her. There was a brook, and a plank across the brook. Dr. Chalmers was afraid the plank was rotten and would let him into the stream. He tried it to see how it would work; still he was a little afraid to commit himself to the plank. The Highland woman saw it, and coming out said, "Tilt it." That meant "trust" it. The Doctor took her at her word, and reaching her tried to talk with her. She couldn't understand the Plan of Salvation. He went on trying to clear up the way, but without success till he happened to think of the plank, and he

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found his way to her heart. I see some of the Scotch people whispering, and I fear I've not got the story just straight. But the Doctor said "Trust! Just as I committed myself to that plank, commit yourself to Christ, and trust Him, and He will be your Saviour." Of course, she could do that and so can you. That's the question for you to settle. I can't trust for you; I can't believe for you. But you can now trust Him with your heart. Say, as Job did, "Though he slay me, I'll perish trusting." There's not a soul that cannot do that now.

The next Head. Who will Trust? When to trust. Whom to trust. And now, Who will trust. They that know Him. You ask me to put my confidence in a man down there I've never seen before. I can't do it. I must hear about him, know something about him, I must get witnesses concerning him. Why is it infidels don't trust in God? They don't know Him. That's the reason they don't trust Him. If you'll find a man or woman that reads that Bible, and studies the promises, you'll find a man or woman that believes in God. They can't help it. It is those men or women that neglect their Bible and don't read about God that don't trust Him. Job says, "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace." Get more acquainted with the God of Heaven and

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you'll trust Him more. The more you know of a true man, the more confidence you put in him. The more you know of an untrue man, the less faith you have in him. You understand that, don't you? Now in the Ninth Psalm, tenth verse, are these words: "And they that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee: for Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee." Never forsaken them that seek Him. And now, will you put your confidence in Him? Will you get acquainted with Him? You can. Make it your life business to know the God of that Book.

There's a story told of some men in Scotland who made it a business to get a certain kind of eggs, and they made considerable money. They tried to get a man into a bag and lower over the cliff. They would pay him a good deal of money, and he needed the money. He declined to do it. They told him, "We are strong, and we'll hold the rope." The man replied, "If you'll wait until I go and get my father, I'll let him hold the rope, and I'll go down in the basket." They said, "We are stronger than your father." "Yes," he answered, "but I don't know you." He knew that his father wouldn't let go of the rope. He could trust his father, but these strangers he could not trust. This is the trouble with the people here in Boston. They don't

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come to God and get acquainted with Him, and so don't love and trust Him.

Now, I come to the last point. The Fruit of Trust. It is luscious fruit. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." You know the world is after peace; that's the cry of the world. That is what the world wants. Probe the human heart, and you'll find down in its depths a want, a cry for rest. Where can rest be found? Here it is, right here. Put your trust in the living God, with all your heart, mind, soul, and strength, and you'll have peace. Don't think to keep it; it keeps you. There are lots of people trying to keep peace; it's better to have peace keep you. There is a place within reach where you may have perfect peace. The world can't take it away. It cannot disturb you. That's what He wants to give you. And so, today, if you haven't got peace, my dear friend, you can have it, and you can have perfect peace.

There's a passage of Scripture that I had never known was in the Bible until I accidentally heard it. There was a prominent minister who died, one of those ministers who had had a large salary and had given it all to the poor where he lived. He was a man, a public man, struck down in the prime of life. As he lay on his dying bed,

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he thought of leaving his wife and children unprovided for, and there came a cloud over his mind. He was greatly depressed; he couldn't get above it. While he lay there, thinking of the sad lot of his loved ones, a little bird came and lit near his window-sill, and with that a warmth came into his heart, and the thought came into his mouth, "If God can take care of that bird, He can take care of my wife and children." At once the trust of a child came into his heart and the burden rolled away. After that came light, and peace, and joy; all the burden and sorrow gone; and he could trust the wife and seven children to the God of that Book. The text comes to me, Jeremiah 49: 11, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me." They said that, as they bore him away, as of old Stephen was borne, the whole city was moved; the rich and the poor were there, and for miles up to the cemetery the streets were lined with people weeping. This poor man was hardly laid away in his grave before a friend rose and proposed that £5000 Sterling (\$25,000), be raised for that widow and her children, and it was done. God took care of that widow and her orphans. My dear friends, I tell you today that I would rather have faith, and put my trust in God, the God of that Book, than have the

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wealth of the whole earth. It is better than wealth, better than gold and silver. Trust in the God of that Book. I wish this whole audience could be brought to that rock, and have both feet planted firmly on it.

I remember that, during the war, I was visiting my Sabbath School Classes, and I got into a home where the news had just come that the father had been cut down in battle. The woman was the first soldier's widow I had met. She had two little children, both girls, one about three, not quite three, and the other five. A few days after this the landlord came around for his rent. She told her pitiful story and said she didn't know that she would be able to pay it every month, because she didn't own a sewing machine, and she must get her living with her needle; nor did she know she would have work during the winter. The landlord was unmoved and told her that if the rent was not paid the first of each month, he would turn her out. The poor woman began to weep. The little ones tried to comfort their mother. God bless the little ones! How they light up our lives and cheer us in our loneliness! To the mother, feeling the loss of her husband and the dread of the coming winter, faith seemed gone. Then the oldest girl plucked the mother's sleeve and said, "Don't cry! Isn't God able to take care of us?"

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Isn't God everywhere? Can't God take care of us?" "Oh yes, my child!" "Well, what makes you cry, Mama? Mayn't I go and ask Him?" She got off the cot — I suppose she had a cradle bed — and she went into her room, and the mother left the door ajar. The child knelt down by the cradle, and to the mother she never looked so lovely. The little one prayed: "O God, you've come and taken away my papa, and mama hasn't money to pay the rent. We'll have to sit on the doorsteps and take cold and die. Won't you lend us a little house to live in?" The prayer over, she came to her mother and said: "Mama, just don't cry any more! I'm sure God will hear my prayer. He will provide for us."

I made that incident known among the business men of Chicago. Soon a lot was bought and a house put up for that widow; I believe that was the first work of the kind done for a soldier's widow in Chicago.

It was not long after that the mother brought her children to me. They told me they had a penny bank, and they said: "We have something for the soldiers. Won't you take this money and buy a Bible and take it to the army, and find a soldier not a Christian, and give him the Bible, and tell him we'll pray for him?" Father and husband gone, the widow wanted to pray for some one, and the children wanted some

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one to pray for, not having a father. I went to the Bible Society, and I got a well bound Bible, and then I walked into the army room, down in front of a regiment, and stood up and told the story. I held up the Bible and said: "Now if there's a soldier in this house not a Christian that wants to come forward and kneel down and take this Bible and have the prayers of that widow and of those children, fatherless children, in Chicago, will he come here?" It is pretty hard to get a soldier to move. But they sprang for it by scores. I only gave one Bible that night; but I believe a good many were brought into the Kingdom. The next night there was another army meeting, and I told the story, and they sprang forward to get another Bible and the prayers of this widow and orphans. I believe that God used that widow and her children to bring a great many into the Kingdom of God. And when the Chicago fire came and burned up that house, and nearly all the houses in that great city, another house was put up by friends. The widow, since that day, has never felt the lack of rent. That was at the beginning of the War.

My dear friends, put your trust in God today! Isn't it the most reasonable thing that this whole audience should do it? Let us bow our heads in prayer, that we may have this day perfect trust in God.

INSTANTANEOUS SALVATION*

"Who shall tell thee words, whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved." ACTS xi. 14.

"While Peter yet spake, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." ACTS x. 44.

I ALWAYS like to close up a week's work by making the Way of Life as plain as possible.

Now, while I am speaking, I want to ask of you, who are Christians, that you will pray to make the work, the Word, clear. It is a matter of revelation, not of investigation. Paul says, "It pleased God to reveal his Son in me." And that's what we want, a revelation of Christ, and that will come in answer to prayer. By and by, we shall have an opportunity to go out, and then we will have a prayer meeting like the one we had yesterday. All are invited to stay — stay to pray if you are a Christian, and if you are not a Christian, stay to see if we can help you.

There's a thought of sadness about the closing up of this blessed Mission when so many, I am sure, are "near the Kingdom." We want if possible to get these people in before the Mission closes, and so I hope there'll be much

* Preached in Tremont Temple, Boston, February 19, 1897.

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prayer, and many ready to use all their influence to bring others into the Kingdom. Now, a great deal will depend upon the course you take in these last days. If you are selfish and come to hear, and then put on your hat and slip off home, and take no further interest in those about you, there'll be a good many who'll not be saved; but if you're in the spirit of prayer, all through the meetings, and ready for service, ready to help some one, we'll have a blessed time I'm sure. But, bear in mind that when God has anything good to give, He takes man into fellowship with Him, and God and man must be united.

I want to call your attention to a verse you will find in the 11th Chapter of the Acts,—fourteenth verse: “Who shall tell thee words, whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved.”

These are the words of Peter in the City of Jerusalem. He had been down to Cesarea and told Cornelius and his household words whereby they might be saved, and the whole family had entered into the Kingdom of God. But Gentiles and Jews brought up various points. Now that gives me authority, it seems to me, to call attention to the Word of God; and I believe that when any man or any woman wants to get into the Kingdom of God, the best thing you can do is to take him or her right to the Living

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God, and not to experience, because God never repeats Himself, and no two men will ever have the same "experience." And instead of looking for some one else's experience, look away to Christ, and let Christ work in you — do His work in you.

This will be the grandest meeting ever held in Boston if every man and woman is willing to give himself or herself up fully. And I don't know that I could tell you the Way of Life better than to give some Bible illustrations. An illustration is a sort of window to let light in. I will call your attention to some Bible illustrations that make the Way very, very plain.

You remember that Noah was called into the ark, and all he had to do was to walk in. People are trying to save themselves. They never can. No one has ever done it. Give up trying and, making Christ your ARK, step in!

I was preaching in Manchester, England, some years ago. One Sabbath afternoon I was short of workers, and there were a good many inquiring the Way of Life. I took some into the First Gallery, and after I had spoken five or ten minutes, a gentleman came up, a business man, and stood on the outskirts of the company. I thought he was sceptical. I noticed that I had misjudged and that he was interested. I said, "My friend, are you not a Christian?"

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"No. I wish I was," he replied. "Then," I said, "I'll speak to you and try to make the Way plain to you, and if you can see it, perhaps the others may see it." I addressed my remarks to him. After I had used one or two illustrations, I said, "Now, do you see it?" "No. It is not clear. It doesn't help my case." I gave a number of other passages. "Does that make it plain?" "No. That doesn't help my case." He was like most people who think their case a peculiar one.

I gave another and another illustration. Then he said, "The fact is that I can't feel that I'm saved." I said, "Was it Noah's feelings that saved him, or the ark?" "Good evening, Mr. Moody. It's all settled." And away he went. I believe in quick work, but that was too quick for me. I wondered if the man did *really* see it. The next day I was looking for my "ark man." He wasn't around. One afternoon I was going down the back stairs of the Free Trade Hall of Manchester, and there wasn't much light. A man tapped me on the shoulder, and asked, "Do you remember me?" "I remember that voice, but I can't locate it," I said. "Do you remember the man in the ark?" I answered, "I've been looking for you." He said, "That settled it all at once. I've been trying to save myself by my feelings, and trying

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to make an ark of my feelings, but the moment you spoke of the ark, that settled it." He continued: "Moody, always tell of the ark." He turned out to be one of the cleanest and best men in that city. That business man gave me a warm grip when I left, and said, "Always tell about the ark." Don't you think that's clear?

It wasn't Noah's tears, or groans, or prayers, or works that saved him. It was the ARK. And it's the Ark that's going to save you. You can't save yourself. Some one has said that "the little fly in Noah's ark was just as safe as the elephant." It wasn't the strength of the elephant that saved the fly. People say, "I wish I was as good as that man or that woman." My dear friend, get into the Ark! The door stands open. Come in out of the coming Judgment; come along in; and now, while I'm speaking, step in! Will you do it? There's only one thing that can keep you out. Do you know what that is? It is not your sins. This Ark takes sinners. What would become of any one of us if it didn't take in sinners? "This man receiveth sinners."

Now, I'll tell you what keeps you out — it is your Will. "Ye will not come unto Me that ye may have life." Come along in. The door stands open, and God invites you in! Here is a promise: "Whosoever cometh unto me, I

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will in no wise cast out." Will God say, "You are not one of the Elect. I only meant to save a select few"? I don't believe a word of it. The Lord wants every one of you now, wants you this minute.

I'll give you another illustration. You remember when the Children of Israel were down there in Goshen, the Lord told Moses to tell the Children of Israel to take a lamb of ten days and to keep that lamb until the fourteenth day, and then kill the lamb and take the blood in a basin and with it hyssop. Every man was to take the hyssop to sprinkle with, and the edict went forth: "When I see the blood, I will pass over." Now notice: there was a moment when the blood was not on the house and another when the blood was upon the door. What was it, when death went through the land and laid his hand on the people—what was it that made the people in Goshen safe? They believed in the word of God, the Eternal God, and obeyed the word, and it was the "blood" that saved them. Thank God, the "blood" is on the mercy-seat now. If you'll believe the word, there's nothing to hinder. It don't say "feel," but "believe." Just believe that the blood has been shed. "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was

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upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

I don't know any other Gospel or anything else to save us. "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree."

Now, if I read the 10th Chapter of the Acts aright, that's the character of the preaching that brought the whole family of Cornelius, servants and all, into the Kingdom of God. And there's not a child ten years old that hasn't had more spiritual light than had the family of Cornelius, and they believed the Word of God sent them by Peter. Won't you believe the Word of the Living God, and be saved?

Another illustration: How to be saved all at once! "I don't see how a man can come into Tremont Temple a sinner and go out a saved man!" you may say. I will show you how you can. I don't believe there's a man or woman that needs go out without salvation. I believe you can "pass from death unto life" now, and live forever. I believe eternity can begin in that seat where you are sitting.

Let me give you an illustration. You remember when the Children of Israel got into the Promised Land, God told Moses to tell the Children of Israel to build six cities of refuge.

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In those days they had "the law of revenge." Instead of a man's being tried by a judge and jury, if one killed my brother, I wouldn't be considered a true brother if I didn't kill his slayer. Two men are in the forest cutting wood. The ax slips from one man's hands and kills the other. His only safety is to get into the City of Refuge. The nearest kinsman of the one killed wouldn't be considered true if he didn't have his revenge and kill that man. His only safety is to get into a city of refuge. The man starts at once. The magistrate's duty is to keep the roads all clear; the valleys to be made so smooth that a man could run without any difficulty right to that city; there'd be sign posts, so that he could run without stopping to figure out the way to the City of Refuge, or a finger-hand pointing in the right direction.

Now, I am the guilty man, and by the law I am exposed to death. I hear that the relative is on my track, bearing down upon me. I spring into the highway. I don't stop to discuss higher criticism, or theology, I don't stop to discuss who wrote the Bible. My business is to get into that City. I don't think about the whale or Jonah now. I don't stop to hear rhetoric; I don't care about the elegance of flowers by the way. I may be stricken down, and I go leaping on the highway. A watchman

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sees me coming, and he is ready to open the gates for me. The revenger is coming also. The revenger is gaining on me, down the valleys and up the hills. At last I get near enough to the City so that I can be heard, and I shout, and the watchman shouts too, "Escape for thy life! The avenger is coming. Make haste, man!" If I get within that City, I am safe. I am within a foot, and if I can gain that foot, I can keep the avenger away, and I may have salvation. I bound over the threshold. I am saved!

The Law is after me this minute, and the next minute, and every minute. That's very clear, isn't it? "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Death is on your track, but God has a City of Refuge. You haven't got to get up and go out of this hall. Salvation is within your reach; you haven't got to lift your hand for it. Take it, as you take the air into your lungs. Salvation is yours. You are saved for time and for eternity, if you will only take the Lord God.

I was in this city in 1854, and some of you, older citizens, will remember the excitement about Anthony Burns, the escaped slave. I remember the intense excitement, and I was down here in forty-three Court street when Anthony Burns was taken into the Court House. In all my life I had never before been in a really

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exciting event. It was all new to me. A city in great excitement! Papers teeming with the accounts of a man fleeing for refuge to Massachusetts from Virginia, to take his salvation near the Cradle of Liberty! And the city rose up and said, "They shan't take that man!" Every train was loaded down with people, and very many armed to the teeth. I went down to Faneuil Hall, and heard some of the greatest speakers I had ever listened to up to that time. I was never so excited in my life. I felt that Anthony Burns shouldn't go back. But the LAW took him, and sent him back. The LAW was maintained. But, do you know, if Anthony Burns had gone a little farther, he would have been a free man? No man could have had him. Under the Fugitive Slave Act, if a fugitive got into a free state, he could be carried back; but if he succeeded in reaching Canada, he was a slave no longer. England had passed a law that no slave, none but free men could breathe the air under the "Union Jack." So it was that when a slave reached Canada, he was free. I see a slave pushing his way to Canada; I see his master bearing down upon him. The law is going to hold him. Under the law of this land he was not a free man but a slave. But he has got on the road to Canada, and he says, "One night more, then I'm forever free!" One

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minute a slave, the next minute he goes over the line — and he is a free man. We can cross the line and become Heaven's free men if we will; every poor drunkard, every libertine, every wrong-doer can get out of the devil's country, if he wills to be free. My friend, you can do it if you will. Make up your mind to do it; make up your mind that you're going to have done with sin and to serve God all your life.

I was one day walking down the streets of York, England, and met an English soldier. I stopped him and asked if I might put a few questions. "Yes, sir," said the soldier. "I should like to ask you how long it took you to become a soldier?" He laughed, and answered, "It didn't take me any time at all." "How did you become a soldier?" He replied, "I first made up my mind to enlist." "So," I said; "I'm trying to get recruits for my Master, and I must get them to enlist." The soldier continued, "Then I went to the recruiting officer and said I wanted to enlist in Queen Victoria's army. And the officer brought out a shilling, and the moment that shilling touched my hand I was a soldier — before I got a uniform or knew anything about the drill." One moment he was a free man — could go to Australia or anywhere else without question; but the next moment he could go only where Queen Victoria

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told him. Tell me, if you can, will you take Christ as that man took the shilling?

“He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life — power, authority, privilege — to believe on His name.” What a difference between an unsaved and a saved man! One day I rejected the Son of God, and the next I received Him. I don’t say that it doesn’t take some will power in rejecting Him or in receiving Him; you are a free agent. I reject Him; I spurn the grace of God. I might have Him; there’s nothing to hinder. Thank God, there’s something better, and that is to receive Him, and live forever. Will you do it?

A man got up in one of our meetings and said that he had been forty-two years learning three things. I said: “If I can learn three things in three minutes, I’ll be glad to do it.” First. He couldn’t do anything towards his own salvation. Second. The Lord didn’t require him to do anything. I said, “That’s so; I tried it; I couldn’t do anything.” Third. Jesus Christ had done it all. You haven’t got to work out salvation; it’s all wrought out. When Christ cried, “It is finished!” — all we have to do is to accept. “The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.”

I once read of a woman exercised about her soul. She dreamed she was in a dark, deep pit.

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She tried to get out. She would climb up and fall back, and so on, and so on. At last she cried out, "I am lost! It is no use!" She let herself down into the pit to die. And that moment she looked up towards the mouth of the pit and saw a beautiful star, flashing and radiating in all its beauty and glory, and it seemed to lift her up out. She got almost up, and was rejoicing that she was getting out of the pit, when she looked at herself, and she said, "I'm the same old thing!" and she dropped back. And then she dreamed the same. The next time she fixed her eye on the Star, and rose higher, and higher and higher, and got clear out of the pit, and her feet struck the rocks above, and she shouted, and awoke, and found it a dream. But she had learned a lesson. She thought that if she ever got out of the pit, she must look at the Star of Bethlehem. The Lord took her into the Kingdom of God sweetly.

O man! Look! LOOK! LOOK! "I am God, and there is none else." My friends, all the people on earth could never save a sinner; all the popes, ministers and cardinals never saved a church. LOOK! LOOK! LOOK now! "Look unto Me, all the ends of the earth, and be saved." Now will you do it? You don't have to go to Harvard to learn how to look; you can look now. Will you look? Will you?

EXCUSES *

"And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

LUKE xiv. 18.

I DON'T believe a man can be true to his country who is not true to his God. I want to come now to those three men we read about in the Fourteenth Chapter of Luke. These three men were invited to a feast. It was not an ordinary feast, a common feast, but a royal feast. Now, you, who have come from all over the world, know that the common people do not have an invitation to a royal feast. I have been in England a good many times, but I never got an invitation to a seat in the House of Lords by one in a castle, or to a royal feast. Common people don't get invitations to royal feasts — but I have got one today, a real, genuine invitation, and the King wants you there, and he wants you ten thousand times more than you want to go.

You will notice that these three men all, with one accord, began to make excuses. Now, notice that expression: "They began to make excuse." They didn't have a good one, so they ✓

* Tremont Temple, Boston, February 22, 1897.

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manufacture one. Did you ever do that? Own up now — you've done that lots of times. You've been invited to places where you didn't care to go, and you began to shift, and to conjure up an excuse. You did it before you were five years of age. You heard your mother tell of a thing she didn't want to do, and she would pile up excuses for not doing it. You know the origin of that? It is as old as man. The first thing Adam did after he had sinned was to excuse himself. We generally give the poorest excuse we can make. Usually we have a meaner excuse than Adam had at the beginning. He said: "It was the woman." It's a mighty mean man that hides behind his wife. "This woman," he said. He wasn't to blame. He excused himself. You've never seen a man who didn't have some excuse for his sin: you can't find a man in Boston who isn't ready at excuses; he's got them right on the end of his tongue. If I should stand here and talk till midnight, tearing excuses to pieces, and asking this or that man why he don't become a Christian, he would have an excuse made up that the world never before heard of. It would roll off his tongue like dry peas off a shovel. If he got over-taxed, and could not make one, Satan would help him. For six thousand years, making excuses has been Satan's chief business. He is an expert.

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The first man — what does he say? “I have bought a piece of ground, and must needs go and see it.” I have no doubt he buys it without knowing where it is. He bought it in some real estate deal, and so he gave that as his excuse, “I have bought a piece of ground, and must needs go and see it.” A very polite gentleman. “You take my word back to the King, ‘Business before pleasure.’ A man who does not provide for his family is worse than an infidel.”

The next man had another very frivolous excuse: “I have bought five yoke of oxen, and must needs go and try them.” Why not prove his oxen before he bought them? It was a strange time to prove his oxen. A proper transaction. He had bought the oxen, — he’d all the five yoke of oxen. Probably everybody said: “There’s not a man in all the country but would not rather be at the feast.” But he said, “I must prove my oxen.”

The third man had an excuse: “I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.” Now I want to ask you: Did you ever see a young bride that didn’t love to go to a feast? I never saw, in all my life, one who had good health that wouldn’t like to go to a feast. But the husband and wife are not the only ones who want to go; the whole family will be eager, if

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you have one. The Lord does not want to leave the children out. He wants them at the feast. This man framed an excuse: "I've got married and I can't come."

Now, look at these three excuses! Don't you think they look frivolous, and are very flimsy? My friends, I want to tell you they're outright lies, every one of them. Those men were lying, shamming — the whole thing was a sham. In the Prophecy of Isaiah we are told: "Hell shall sweep away your refuges of lies." The time is coming when all miserable excuses will be swept away. Look at those three men, living eighteen hundred and more years ago, and you will see how men can conjure up excuses! They tell us that we are living in a very great epoch, and that the wisdom of the ages is ours, and that there never has been such culture and wisdom as at the present time. We have had one man running up and down the country telling us that men's skulls have been growing larger. Can't the reporters hunt up for themselves better excuses, and put them in the papers tomorrow morning? I will challenge any one of you to give a better excuse than each of those men gave.

There's no sham about this invitation. Down in the evening of this Dispensation there's going to be a marriage. Blessed is he that is to come

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to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. That's one appointment I mean to fill. He sent his messengers, and they probably were never going over the earth as they are today, climbing mountains, swimming rivers, crossing deserts, going to the islands of the sea and the corners of the earth, calling for the world to come. "Go and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." The messengers are going forth. What do you hear in return? "I pray you have me excused."

Now, I suppose you would like to "speak out in meeting." Please answer back, if there's a man or woman in this house that has a better excuse than those three men gave — up in the balcony or any part of the hall, speak out now! I would like to hear from you, in the choir, anywhere, any better excuse. Can you hunt up a man in the City of Boston who will give a better excuse? This is a solemn subject. It is a fearful thing for a man to say that he wants to be excused from this Feast. Life is very dear to me. God has piled up one blessing on top of another, and I've never seen the time that I wanted to die. I want to live as long as God can use me. My work is sweet. And God has given me a lovely family. I had rather preach than be in a pulpit. But as sweet as life is, I would rather have you spring on this platform

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and tear my form to pieces than to let any man say, "His excuse was 'I don't feel well.'" Better be wise and come along. Can you give a better excuse than those men have given here? I know you will say: "I don't like to do it in this large meeting; but if I had Mr. Moody alone, I'd tell him." Yes, I'll come down here, by and by, and some of you will tell me some of your excuses.

I have travelled considerable in thirty years, and I've tried to follow up my meetings with what we call "after meetings," to get down amongst the people. I was in Carnegie Hall, and trying to find out why they didn't come to Christ, and, after all the excuses I have heard, I have never heard anything quite so sad as that we heard now, "I don't feel well."

One of the popular excuses in Boston is "That old Bible." They say: "Mr. Moody, the reason I don't become a Christian is because there are so many things in the Bible that I don't understand." That's the man! I never could find in all my life a doubter who claimed to have read it through. Don't go off and say that I said: "No sceptic or infidel has ever read it through." I don't say that, but I have known of none who has ever read it through. I have known of one who couldn't quote a verse except "Jesus wept." I contend that there is no book

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in the world equal to that great Book. A modern book comes out now, and you say, "Have you read that book? What is your opinion of it?" People are very free about giving their opinions. There are things in the Bible I don't understand. If I could read that Book as any other book, I would have got through it forty years ago. There are ideas I've never been able to master, and depths I cannot fathom. If men wrote that Book, then men could write another, and we should have millions of Bibles.

Now, take lawyers. How they dig and study at their text books; and after they have been studying ten years, they say they don't know much about them. You never see a man digging ten years at the Bible, as they dig at law books. Here is a Bible that not only teaches of things in this life but also of things in the life to come; and because they can't understand the Bible as they do the alphabet, they say it is full of contradictions, and "they don't understand it."

Supposing that little girl down there was mine, and I had never sent her to school until last week. She comes home, and I say: "Alice, do you understand all about Latin and Greek?" "Why, Papa, what are you talking about? I've been trying all day, trying to get through the list of A B C's." And I say: "You've done. You've finished your education. You

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needn't go to school any more!" People would think I was a first-class lunatic. I want to say to this audience: You'll never stand at the bar of God and give this "old Book" as an excuse for not becoming a Christian. It has cost God too much to give it to the world. It has cost the lives of the best men that ever lived. Millions of men have died to hand that book down. I thank God I live in a Protestant country where I can read the Bible; and every man in America ought to thank God that he's got this Book, and stand by it, and hold on to it, and not give up an inch. I believe it is a master stroke of the devil to get us to give up a portion. The infidel says everything against that Book. When a man becomes moral, he has no trouble with the Bible, but when he becomes immoral, then he begins to talk against the Bible.

Another man says: "It isn't the Bible; I don't need the Bible, nor to go to church. I've got to read the Sunday newspaper." Own up now! Lots of you can't go to church, but can go to your various organizations. Reporters, take it down and go for them! I'm talking facts now. It's going to be a dark day for this world when the Bible is given up, and the Sunday newspaper takes its place. Will any man stand at the bar of God and give that as an excuse, the Bible? Many men say they haven't time;

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newspapers, pleasure, and the world, and business crowd out the Word of God.

Another man says: "I haven't got time to go to church, because I've got to have some recreation, and must spend my Sabbath on the bicycle." It is a new excuse. Lots of men are giving up the Bible for exercise. They've got to have some "bodily exercise." Put the bicycle down as an excuse. That would sound rather strange at the bar of God, wouldn't it? I'm getting near home now.

Another very popular excuse for why I don't propose to be a Christian, is that I don't propose to give up all the pleasures of this life. If a man becomes a Christian, he's got to put on a long face, and walk straight up and down; he has no pleasure until he gets to heaven! Why, I don't know how many times I have had people ask me, "Don't you think it's an awfully hard thing to become a Christian?" I wish I could say it in tones of thunder, "No! I don't!" I tell you what I believe: I believe that old Book from beginning to end, and when that Book says "The way of the transgressor is hard," I believe it. Go down to the accursed brothels, to the gambling dens, and to the whiskey shops, and see that man bound hand and foot; he's a cursed sinner, he's a slave to some of the basest, some of the most unutterable sins that have

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gained mastery of man. Go ask that man if he has an easy time. His conscience wakes up, and lashes him. Ask the defaulter, taken from a beautiful wife and lovely children and put into prison cell — ask him if the way of the transgressor is easy or hard. Go into court and see the man there sentenced to be hung. Ask that young man if his sin is such a pleasant friend. Sin always degrades, pulls down, and don't let any man tell me that the way of the transgressor is easy and the way of the righteous hard. My God does not reap where He hasn't sown. My God is not a hard Master.

I was preaching in the Tombs some years ago. There's an iron bridge that runs from the court to the jail. They call it "The Bridge of Sighs." That's on one side; on the other, "The way of the transgressor is hard." I asked: "Why did you put that text on there?" They answered: "Most of the young men go off that bridge praying, and we call it 'The Bridge of Sighs.'" Is there a man in this house that can deny it? Does the drunkard have an easy time, as easy a time as I have? Does that man, living an impure life, a dual life, an hypocritical life — does he have a better, an easier life than has the man of God? What say you down there? What does the Book say? "The path of the just shall shine more and more until the perfect

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day." The path of the unjust grows blacker and blacker. Ask the drunkard if he has a hard time? I met a man on the street yesterday morning; he had just crept out of one of the lodging houses, and he looked as if he had come from the pit of hell. I said, "The devil works you hard now, don't he?" He said, "That's so." Of course that's so. I pity the man who is the child of the devil, led captive by the devil. I thank God the fetters may be broken today. I want to say that my God isn't a hard Master. I want to drive that lie back to the pit of hell. "My yoke is easy and my burden is light."

I would like to get a vote on this question. I have served the god of this world and the God of Heaven, and I think my testimony ought to be worth something. If there's a man here that hasn't served the God of Heaven, how can he testify? Now, there are a good many here who have served both masters. Christians! Have you found God a hard Master? If you haven't, say "No!" Bring it out! (A great response, "No!") That's right. Let it ring. I like to serve Him, and if I had ten thousand lives He should have them all. I tell you, the way of the transgressor is hard. These men you heard speak this morning — what did they say? And now, since they have turned away

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from their old life, see how their faces begin to light up with a new light and their hearts with a new joy and peace. I thank God for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I believe the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the best thing that ever came from Heaven. We shall never hear better songs from Heaven than that Christ came to blot out our sins and put us among the children of God.

Now, my time is up. I will go on with some more excuses tonight. If you can, conjure up better ones! If you reporters will write better ones, we will read them and discuss them.

We will close by singing,

“I heard the voice of Jesus say.”

INVITATION AND ALTAR SERVICE*

"Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in."

LUKE xiv. 23.

SOME of you may remember my speaking on the Parable found in the Fourteenth Chapter of Luke, where the three men were invited to the feast, the marriage supper, and where they all with one accord began to make excuse; and I was trying to give some of the popular excuses of the present day and was trying to show some excuses made right here in Tremont Temple. I don't think we have to go back eighteen hundred years to find men and women who want to be "excused."

Although salvation is free as the air we breathe, yet it cost God the richest jewel He had; and although this gift is perfectly free, and all are invited without money and without price, it cost God something to provide this feast.

I was trying to show that these men began to make excuses. They didn't have good ones, so they manufactured them, made them up. I took up the Bible, and I closed the meeting with the oft heard excuse that to be Christians

* Tremont Temple, Boston, February 22, 1897.

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will make them gloomy. I was trying to fight the idea that God is a hard Master. There's no one thing that Satan has been more successful in than in making the family believe that God is a hard Master; and yet they will throw their lives away in wretchedness and misery. How many of mankind are deluded with the false idea that God is a hard Master and Satan is an easy one. I believe there are tens of thousands who would become Christians, within ten miles of Tremont Temple within the next twenty-four hours, if they believed that God is an easy Master and Satan a hard master. But men are under the power of the awful delusion that it is an easy thing to serve the god of this world and hard to serve the God of Heaven. If I see a man dying for the want of bread, and I give him bread, is that making him gloomy? If I see a man dying of thirst, and give him a glass of clear, cold water, is that going to make him gloomy? The Gospel is bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, and clothes to the famishing.

For many years I've been trying to get a man out of prison. We tried on New Year's Day to get the President to grant our request. I can't tell you what delight came to me when I heard of the joy of that father and husband when he went back to the bosom of his family. Did it make that man gloomy to get a pardon?

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That's the Gospel, a pardon for all sins, going out from under the service of Satan. If you should take the most faithful follower that Satan has in all Boston, the man that is serving the devil most faithfully, and then take the one who is serving Jesus Christ, and has served Him for the last fifteen or twenty years, keeping nearer to Christ than any one else in the City of Boston, and let the two stand here: do you think they would have to speak to show who and what they were? Let that electric light drop down so that it will reflect their bodies and their faces. Wouldn't that light reveal the story?

The man who has served Satan most faithfully should speak out: "I want to testify that my master is an easy one." You would hear a voice ringing out all over this hall: "He's a liar!" Of course you wouldn't believe it, if a man should say he'd served Satan forty years, and he's a good master. There isn't a man that would believe it. Not one; isn't that so?

Let a man come to this platform who has been in sweet fellowship with Christ forty years, and tell the joy in His service: wouldn't his countenance show it? Is there any one here to deny that statement? Instead of taking two men, I'll take two women; for when a woman falls, she falls lower than a man. Why?

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Because God elevated her above man. When God created woman, it was His last, His highest workmanship. She falls lower; and you take the one who falls lowest in all Boston, and let her stand here tonight, and then the purest woman in all Boston, and let the two stand here. Would you not say that the devil is a hard master, and the Lord of Glory a good Master?

My dear friends, don't let Satan bind you any longer. I'm not talking fiction tonight but God's truth. My Master is a good Master, and I want no better one. I have served Him forty years, and He has been ten thousand times better to me than I've been to Him. But there's joy to be able to look up, and say: "Heaven's my home." I can look right into your faces and tell you that He is the Friend, and Master, if you want Him; and He will give you joy for your sorrow, light for your darkness; He will lift you up right out of your misery, and cause you to walk in unclouded sunshine if you will but let him.

My friend, it is a great thing to be right with God. Now, I don't think that any man or any woman in this audience would stand at the bar of God and say, "I didn't serve you because you were a hard master." You will not face the Almighty with that excuse. It will look different, and so give it up! Don't give that

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excuse! It is utterly false. The devil is trying to make you believe that lie.

Others excuse themselves by saying they are "too bad." Oh, how many times I have spoken to men about becoming Christians and they are "too bad." A man might say, "I'm too sick for a doctor." But because he's sick he needs a doctor. Another man might say, "I'm too hungry to eat," and another say, "I'm too thirsty to drink." It is because he is thirsty he needs water.

I remember during our War I used to go down to help the doctors, not as a chaplain, but as a delegate of the Christian Commission; and our instruction was to "go for the worst cases first." If a man was slightly wounded, we passed him by; but if a man was seriously wounded, we helped him first. And so I believe it is in the battle of life — the man farthest away from God needs him most. And it is our instruction to go to those farthest away. He "saves to the utmost." Don't let any man or woman in all Boston sink into the delusion that you are "too bad"! If you can prove that you are a "sinner," I can prove that you have a "Saviour." Christ came to seek "sinners." I have "good news" for you. Suppose that the prodigal son had said: "When I get fixed up, I'll go home." It was his poverty and wretchedness that

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brought him home. So it is; it is our need that brings us or that brought us. And the instruction was: "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." And the men — those in the highways and hedges — we are to go for. You will find that when Christ was upon the earth, he was all the time hunting up the "lost."

A man said: "There wasn't hardly any of the 'cultured' at Moody's meetings. They were all common people." I said: "Thank you for the compliment! My Master went after the 'common people.'" When a man gets above the "common people" and wants to go with the *bon ton*, he isn't much good. What we want to remember is that Jesus Christ is the friend of the common people like you and me, a "friend of sinners." The greater the sin, the greater need of a Saviour. You could never have a better time to come. He wants sinners to come. And so, tonight, if you are willing to come, He is still ready to receive. LISTEN! If you come to God, He doesn't want to have you "dress up." They are having a feast at Lorimer Hall tonight, and they are dressed up. On the Back Bay you would be expected to "dress up." But it wouldn't do any good to come to Him "dressed up."

During the War, I often went down to the

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recruiting station to see my friends enlist. Once in a while a man would come with a stove pipe hat and a fine suit, and the next man would come with old clothes. Both had to strip and put on the uniform of the United States Army. Do you understand it? You can never come to Christ in your life with so few sins as tonight. Some challenge that statement. If I knock off swearing, if I knock off gambling, and I get drunk once in a while, will I be in a better state?

LISTEN! Every sin, unless God has forgiven it, from the cradle until tonight, stands up against you. What do you theologians say? Is it right? Suppose you go for six months from tonight and not commit another sin, don't you add the sin of procrastination? Then you will be worse off six months from tonight than you are tonight. Isn't that so? Then you can never come in your life with so few sins as tonight. Is that right? Am I sound? Then, why don't you come? (Smiling and laughter.) He wants you. Do you think that invitation is a sham invitation? Do you think that Jesus Christ would have been given us, and have sent His messengers out to induce men to come to Him, if He didn't mean it? What do you say? Do you think He will stand at the bar and say: "I said 'all,' but I didn't mean 'all.' You are a big sinner, but I didn't think of you"? Man

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may do that, but my Master wouldn't do it. Don't let any men say they're "too bad." It is the "bad people" we want. I wish we could have this hall filled with fallen women and bad men, because we have a remedy. Jesus Christ can get His arm, a very long arm, reaching down into deep, dark pits, and bring them up. (Voices: AMEN.) How do I know? Because I've seen Him do it. No courtesan or infidel can beat me on that ground.

A man said, "Don't you have any doubts?" I don't have any time to doubt. I see my failings every day. I pity those people standing on the outside and saying, "I have my doubts." Get into the current and you'll have no doubts. Go on the street and bring the sinner in here, and get him converted, and your faith will rise, and you'll declare there's power enough in the blood for all. It is the man who doesn't do any work that doubts. My friends, you can't doubt when you have seen a man, a drunkard, get away from his past, his adulterous and vicious life, and become an honorable citizen, and an upright husband, a pure father,—you must believe. I would doubt my existence quicker than this old Gospel. Don't you tell me that any man is "too bad" in Boston. It is not true. Come tonight with all your sins. Bring your sins along with you. That's what you

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want to bring. There is one thing that God wants — your sins. Bring your sins with you. Don't hide them. Put them in a bundle and bring them along, and God will blot them out for time and eternity. Don't let anybody say he is "too bad" to come. It is "bad" people He is after.

There's a coachman up there in the gallery, who says, "Moody hasn't hit my excuse. I believe in foreordination, and if God has decreed my salvation, I will be saved, and if he hasn't, I won't. I've nothing to say about it." I would like to talk with that man for a few minutes. If that's true, you know and you believe that you have nothing to do with this question. Well, you carry out that in temporal things and see how you'll get on. When this meeting closes, don't move toward home. If God has decreed that you'll go to bed, you'll get there sometime. God will put you to bed if He has decreed it. Tomorrow don't go to business, unless you feel like it, for if God has decreed it, you'll succeed anyway. You don't need any doctors if you are sick.

There's not a man in this audience who has any more to do with Election than with the government of Japan. Not a bit of it. There's not one line in that Book where Election is put before an unbeliever. Not one. Suppose I

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walk down the streets tonight and attempt to go into a certain building. A man says, "Do you belong to this Library? This is for the elect. No one but members is allowed here. This is for the elect, you see." "Do you belong to this Club? No one but members belong here. This is for the elect." I go up to Tremont Temple, and I see a sign, "Whosoever will come in, not one but all, old and young; all invited." I say, "That means me." In I come. And when I get in here, I look up and see on the wall, "D. L. Moody was elected from the foundations of the world to be saved." We will talk about Election when you go in, and not on the outside. It is a very sweet doctrine to the Child of God and very precious, but not to an unbeliever. There is not a line written to the unbeliever about Election. If Paul writes a letter to a Church, that has nothing to do with an unbeliever. But become a believer, and the Letter applies to you. Then we will talk to you about it.

Do you know, I believe that "Come" occurs nineteen hundred times in the Bible. It begins and goes on through the Book. You will find it in Job, and in the Psalms and the Prophets, in the Minor Prophets, in the four Gospels, and in the Epistles and clear over to Revelation, and on to the last line. "And the Spirit and

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the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst say, Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." You know, I am not sure that I am right in my theory; but I can imagine that the Lord had been in glory for some time. He saw Paul had written letters about Election, and He saw a man, in Tremont Temple, stumbling over the doctrine of Election, and He said to John (John was on the Lord's side, and he went on writing, writing, as the Master spoke): "Before you seal up the announcements, make it a little more definite, and say it so that the whole world shall know they are invited, and no one left out, say, 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.'" The Spirit and the Church. "And let him that is thirsty come." But some say they are not thirsty. Men have come to me with tears rolling down their cheeks, and anxious to be saved, but they didn't have feeling enough. "Let him take the water of life freely." That is, even if he is not anxious he ought to be.

The Psalmist says: "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." Come, it is freely offered you. Who will take it? LISTEN! Every man and woman in this house is a free agent. You can take the cup of salvation and drink forever, or dash it on the ground and die in your sins. I pass the cup of salvation

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on to you. In this balcony who will say, "I'll take the cup of salvation"? Man! One draught of that cup will satisfy your longing thirst as this world never will. From the moment Adam turned his back on God, there came a thirst in his soul that can never be quenched until the man comes back to God. What held the prodigal? He got away from his father, and the father could not satisfy his thirst; but when he came back, how quickly he satisfied his hunger and thirst.

O man! Come back to God and call upon the name of God tonight. Wouldn't it be a good night to do it, this twenty-second of February, eighteen ninety-seven, right here in Tremont Temple? Just take the cup of salvation, and live forever. Will you come? That's where the Will comes in play. You can will to do it now. LISTEN! I think no less than twenty people on this floor told me they would try. One man said, "I'm going to try real hard." Now what I tell these people is that that means they *will not*. I'll explain it. Suppose I make a statement to you, and you say you'll try really hard to believe it, — to believe what I say. Doesn't that imply that I have deceived you so often that you are going to try real hard to believe me again? Now say, "I will take the cup of salvation, and trust Him to save me

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from this night." Now you can do it. Will you do it?

Is there a man or woman in this house that has the courage to say, "I will take the cup"? Will you speak out and say, "I will"? (A voice: "I will.") Who else? Come! Who will take it? Is there any one else that will take it? You can. (Another voice: "I will.") The prodigal said, "I will arise and go to my father," and the news echoed up to Heaven. If a man says, "I will," it will be registered in heaven. Any one else? I like these responses. I like to have answers back. If God gets consent and control of your will, you'll never get back to your old life. Will you not let God take possession of you tonight? You will live forever, if you will to do so. Any one else who has courage to speak out and say, "I will"? I would just like to hear that once more. (A woman's voice: "I will.") Who else will step out and say, "I will"?

I was preaching in Knoxville, at one time, and a gentleman got up in the meeting in the large Opera House, filled with men, and said, "Mr. Moody, I want to say right here, publicly, I will accept Jesus right here tonight." I had not thought of an expression, but "Thank God" said I. "Is there any one else here?" Another gentleman said, "Yes, I accept Jesus tonight."

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That was Thursday night. I went from Knoxville down to Chattanooga, and I was preaching Sunday night, and when I got through, a gentleman came up to me and said, "Do you remember that man speaking out on Thursday night?" "Yes." "We all thought he was in perfect health, but he died last night." I believe I shall meet first and last a great many who have settled in my meetings this important question. Speak out and say, "I will." Any one else who has courage? That's right. There's a person who was afraid I should not hear her voice, and so she arose. Thank God! I know it takes courage to speak out in a meeting like this, but I like to hear you. Is there any one who has wandered away who will come back tonight? (Voices: "I will.")

Now I am going to pray for all those who have spoken. Let us pray for every one who has spoken here tonight. Let every head be bowed. Let us all pray; and while the heads are bowed, and we are praying, all you who would like to have us pray for you please rise, all over the house. There are seven, eight, nine, ten! Any one else? Eleven! Any more here on the floor? Thirteen! fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty! There are two more. Any one else in this balcony? There are two. Any one else in this other

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balcony? Clear around on this balcony? Any one else? There's another. Still another here on the floor. Let us keep on praying. Truly God is with us tonight. Any in the upper balcony? If there is, won't you just rise? Two, three. Any one else in the upper balcony? Four. There are five. There are ten. Any one else? Now, let us all bow our heads and let us pray; maybe there are others on the floor who would like to have us pray for them? If you are backslidden and want to come back, put yourself in the way of being blest. There are five or six more. Any one else here on the floor? Any more here in the balcony? One more. Is there another? There's another. Still another. I'm always looking for some one about seventeen. I like to see a young man coming. If he lives a life allied to the Master, think of the years possible in his life for God! I think I have seen one about seventeen since I asked. Is there still another? Is the man calling for some one else here tonight? If so, please rise now. That's right. Thank God. Still others. There's another. Any one else?

PRAYER

Our Heavenly Father, we want to thank Thee for the Cup of Salvation tonight. Now we pray that all who have spoken may drink

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freely tonight and live forever. God grant that they may never turn back, but now forever put their hands to the plow, and may they press toward the mark for the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. O God, bring these into the Kingdom tonight. May every one of them just now be born of the incorruptible seed, become partakers of the Divine nature. God grant that they may not leave this hall until all their sins have been blotted out and their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life. O Spirit of God, take of the things of God and show them unto us just now. And may the Spirit do Its work. We are perfectly helpless. We can't save this people; we can't bring them into the Kingdom. O may the Spirit reveal unto them the Way, the Truth and the Life, as it is in Jesus Christ tonight.

And now we pray not only for those who have spoken and those who have risen, but for those who have not had the courage. O Spirit of God, wilt Thou not strive with them tonight, and may they find no peace until they find it at the Cross. Make this the night of their salvation. Go through this audience now and search out the lost, and bring them to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, and Thy name, Blessed Saviour, shall have the praise and the glory. AMEN.

THE GOSPEL *

"I make known unto you the Gospel." I CORINTHIANS XV. 1.

I HAVE been preaching day and night for thirty years, and I don't think I ever read a Scripture in my life when there came such a hush upon the audience as here tonight. (Scripture read was I Cor., 15th Chapter.) I could not but believe that God was speaking, and if God speaks I hope you will listen. You may turn a deaf ear to me, and perhaps not lose anything; but I tell you if God speaks you want to hear. I cannot conceive of a greater folly than for man to give a deaf ear to God. I believe there are a great many praying that God may speak to people here in these last hours of these meetings. I believe there are a great many people praying for this meeting tonight. We have asked the people attending the meetings regularly not to come this evening, and I suppose many of them are praying tonight that God may bless the word. While I am speaking, I hope every man will forget all about the messenger and pray that all may feel the Message. Really

* Preached at Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., February 24, 1897.

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the messenger is of no account; let us get our eyes off man tonight, and think of being here with God. If God has a message for any one, why, be ready to hear it.

I call your attention to one word, — one single word. I want to get a text so short that you will remember it to your dying day, and the thought is just one word, — GOSPEL. GOSPEL. It means God's spell; it means that God is speaking to man. It is not a time when He is imputing to men their trespasses and their sins, but a time when He is issuing a proclamation of forgiveness, of salvation. It is called "Good News." I believe it is the best news that ever came from heaven to earth. I don't believe that there has been better news, or ever will come, than the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

When the angel came down on the plains of Bethlehem to speak to those shepherds, he said, "Behold, I bring good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." If that angel did not know the black human nature, if he did not know how vile and sinful man was, I have no doubt he thought the whole world would shout for joy, — to think that God had sent His Son into the world to save it; that God had provided a Saviour for a lost world. But, you know that, for nineteen hundred years,

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men of God have gone up and down the earth proclaiming "glad tidings" and telling "good news," and yet there's only a few who will believe it is "good news." I will venture to say that more than half this audience doubt that statement; you don't believe the Gospel is "good news." Sometimes I look into the audience to see the faces light up, and they look as if I had brought a death warrant.

If a boy were to bring a despatch, and it bore the best news we ever heard, he could only deliver the "good news." If he brought the sad word of the death of a mother, the death of the wife or children, I could tell by his countenance that it was bad news. I look over audiences, and they look as though I had brought them bad news. Well, it would be one of the grandest days that Boston ever had if this whole audience would believe that the Gospel is "good news." And it *is* "good news." It is "glad tidings." The angel did not tell a lie when he said, "Look and see; I bring you good tidings of great joy." I would to God you would believe, right here and now, that it is "good news."

There was a man in Europe, converted some years ago, and after he had been a Christian a little while, he got so full of the good tidings that he wanted to publish it, and tell everybody about it. He read in the papers that the fac-

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tories had closed and the people were suffering. He thought it would be a good time to go and preach the "good news." He went down to the place, and hired a theater for one Sunday. He had the town covered with placards, telling that he was going to preach the Gospel free to all. He expected to have the theater packed, but there wasn't a soul at the building. He walked onto the stage, but there wasn't a soul to hear him. The keeper came and looked at him, and left. He thought it was a huge joke.

The man didn't want to be disappointed, and thought he would go to the shore, to the beach, and see if he could not get a hearing there. There were a great many walking up and down the beach. No one would listen. They passed him by with scorn and contempt. By and by he saw a man coming up the beach, who had on his head a basket of fish, and was crying, "Herrings! Two herrings for a penny! Good fresh herrings for a penny!" The converted man asked, "How much will you take for all the herrings?" The huckster counted and said he would take eight shillings (about two dollars). The man said, "If you will cry 'Herrings for nothing,' and dispose of them, I'll pay you your price." The huckster cried, "Herrings, fresh herrings for nothing!" but he couldn't get rid of one. (Laughter.) He went

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the whole length of the street, was angry, and said, "I didn't know there were so many fools in the world." His greatest disappointment was that no one would believe him. Some were hungry, starving, but they didn't believe that those herrings for nothing were good! And the man said, "I will go with you, and there'll be two witnesses." He saw a lady looking out of a window and said, "Madam, these herrings have been recently caught. You can have them." Finally, the lady stole out of the house and took a couple of the herrings; others were watching, and in a few minutes they carried off all the fish.

Now the trouble was that at first they didn't believe; and that's the trouble where we are preaching. A man doesn't believe that he can get something for nothing.

I was preaching in Ireland, and an Irishman said, "You can't make an Irishman believe that you can get something for nothing." I said, "You can get the best thing you ever got in the world for nothing. It is free as the air you breathe. Good tidings of great joy, the Gospel of Glad Tidings."

You will notice that Christ, after he was baptized by John, went back to his native town, to Nazareth, and went into the synagogue on the Sabbath, as was his custom. I don't know

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what night He went there. I don't know what called Him back. But His fame had gone on before Him. Probably some of the townspeople, when He was baptized by John, were there and they told of the wonderful things that took place when John baptized their own townsman, and that He performed certain miracles. His fame was spreading over the country, and his town was mightily stirred. He went into the synagogue, as was his custom, and the minister was reading the Prophecy of Isaiah. In this synagogue they had women, — the women were on one side and the teachers on the other. But the women could not see the men nor the men the women. Perhaps, among the women was the Blessed Virgin and Christ's own sisters. The minister handed Him the parchment of the Prophecy of Isaiah. He had, perhaps, read in that place many times before. He found where it is written, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." And he closed the book, and sat down. They had never heard anything so beautiful in all their lives.

Never in the history of the world was a town

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so suddenly lifted up as that one. I can see one man touching another and whispering, "Isn't this the son of Joseph? Isn't this the son of the carpenter? Where has he got all this wisdom?" He had not been anointed; but He had received the unction from on high to preach the gospel. And He said, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." If they had allowed him to finish that sermon it would probably have been the grandest they ever heard. But instead of believing it was good news, they thought it bad news, and they took Him to the brow of the hill and would have hurled Him into the arms of death, but He miraculously took Himself out of their hands, and went down to Capernaum. We never hear of his coming to Nazareth to live. They didn't believe the "good news." That's the way He began His ministry. All through the years He was preaching that same thing, "to forgive sin." After He had gone to the grave and come out to the resurrection, the thing He said to His disciples was, as His departing Commission, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." That's His last Commission: "Go into all the world."

Do you know, I believe He wants all the world to be saved. I don't know, but I think it is one of the men back there in the centuries

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who heard Peter preaching on the Day of Pentecost, and, as he went on preaching, the man came, elbowed his way through the crowd, and said, "Peter, is there any hope for me? I am the man that drove the nails into His hands and feet." "Yes," said Peter; "He told me to preach the Gospel to every creature." Another man came pushing his way up and said, "Peter, I am the man that spit in His face. Do you think there's hope for me?" "Yes," answered Peter; "He told me as He was about to go back to Heaven, He would return, and preach it to every creature; and he wouldn't have done it unless there was pardon for all who will believe." And another man came, elbowing his way, and he said, "Peter, is there hope for me? I am the man who drove that spear into His side." "Yes," replied Peter; "there's nothing in His heart but love. He loves you. He died for you. He tasted death for you." He preached the Gospel to those Jerusalem sinners whose hands were dripping with the blood of the Son of God, and if these men in Jerusalem could be saved, do you tell me that there is a man on earth that can't be saved? That darkest, deepest act of Hell was the putting of Christ to death. That's the crowning act of Hell. If God could forgive us that sin, God can forgive every man in Boston.

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Why, a hush would come on this audience tonight if I told you that before I left my hotel Gabriel came down from the presence of God, into my room, and commissioned me to come to this audience and say that there is only one man of this audience who could be saved tonight, and that he had given me his name. Ah, then there'd be intense excitement about this time. If any are drowsy, you would wake up and say, "I hope it is my name!" "I hope the message has come that I am to be saved." "Wouldn't it be a grand and glorious night if I could be saved?" You would want to know the name; you have it, it is your name.

Henry Clay Trumbull told me he was a Chaplain and taken prisoner in our Civil War. In the prison there were nine hundred commissioned officers. A little while before he became a prisoner he got news at Washington that his child was lying at the point of death. He could get no tidings from home, and didn't know whether the child was dead or alive. One day the news came, and it spread through the prison, that one man was to be paroled. He thought, "That isn't me. There are Brigadier Generals here, and Colonels, and Lieutenant Colonels, men that outrank me. I only rank as Captain. There's many a man in this prison that has more influence at Washington than I have."

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The Confederate officer appeared, "and," said Trumbull, "there came silence as if every man had been struck by death." One man was to be paroled; one man was to be set free. One man was to go back to his wife, to his children, and only one. "And," he said, "at last that officer cried out, 'Henry Clay Trumbull'; and my own name never sounded so strange in the world before." That sent a thrill through the Chaplain's soul.

My friends, I've got better news than that. I have not a commission to say that only one man can be saved tonight. Oh, better. I've got good news: "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Salvation for every man within the hearing of my voice. Salvation tonight for every man in this building. You may be saved this very hour, if you will.

Now, I want to tell you why the Gospel is very precious to me. Let everybody wake up and listen. If any one is sleeping, wake him up that he may hear. I see that a boy about seventeen years has gone to sleep. Wake him up. I was up in the Mount Vernon Church one Sunday, and I went to sleep up in the gallery. Some one waked me up. But, do you know, that was the beginning of a new life for me. I listened for the first time to what the preacher had to say, and I thought the whole sermon was

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right for me; and I turned up my coat collar and said, "I'll never go back there in the world." Everybody was looking toward me. It will be a good thing to wake up at seventeen; he may be preaching the gospel after I am gone.

Now, I am going to tell you why the Gospel is so precious. It has taken out of my path four of the bitterest enemies I ever had; that's why I like the Gospel. I'll tell you, it's the only thing in the world that'll take them out. The bitterest enemy we have is SIN. The Gospel tells me how Sin may be put away.

Jesus Christ died for my sins. Jesus Christ, by his death and sacrifice, has forever provided for the putting away of sin and made provision for man's salvation. There's not a man here tonight who may not have his sin blotted out. "Blessed is he whose transgression is hid and whose sin is covered." "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." If a man has been forgiven, who can bring a charge against him? This Gospel teaches that man's sin has been forgiven and put away; and it is a great blessing, my friends, to have your sins forgiven and put away for time and eternity.

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If they are not put away, they'll meet you at the bar of God. According to the Scripture, "Christ died for our sins. He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was laid upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." Now if Christ has died for my sins, I have not to die for my own sins. If Jesus Christ has put away my sins, the enemy has gone, and I can look up and claim Heaven as my home, because Jesus has cleared the way right up to the throne, and made it possible to get into the Kingdom of God.

Another terrible enemy, oh what an enemy! is Death. The penalty of sin. Up here in these old New England towns, where I grew up, it used to be the custom, — it has passed out, I believe, — when people died and were borne away to the grave, the sexton would toll out the age. When I was a boy, I always counted the strokes of the bell, and if they went past eighty or ninety, I would say, "Death is a long way off." But once in a while death would come down into the town and take a boy of my own age, and then it was serious. Death seemed like a terrible enemy. No one ever told me that a corpse was cold, and I remember the first time I touched a schoolmate, and I drew my hand back. Death was cold.

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Then they had the custom of saying, "Ashes to ashes," and it sounded like a "death knell," That's all gone, and I can say, "O Death, where is thy sting?" and I hear a voice ringing down from Calvary, "He tasted death for me." He died for me. That's the Gospel. That's what gave Paul the wondrous victory and made him rejoice. Death had been met by victory.

I used to think that Death dragged Christ right up to the cross and took his life. But, no, my friends, He went there to conquer Death. When he issued his "It is finished," it was the shout of a conqueror. He triumphed over the last enemy, and that is Death.

Then, I want to tell you that Christ says, "If ye keep my sayings, ye shall never see death." Never. That's a wonderful enemy gone, gone for time and eternity.

And then the Grave, — how dark it would look. I used to say I never could put my friends into the grave. It seemed as if it was a mean business. When I was called to put one very dear to me, my neighbor, into the grave, I could hear the voice of the preacher, "Thy brother shall rise again"; but now I can look into the grave and shout, "O Grave, where is thy victory?" And I hear a voice coming out of the grave, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Christ went down into the grave to measure

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its depths and conquer it. "He led captivity captive," and went up on high and took his seat at the right hand of God. The enemy has gone. I do not fear Death nor the Grave.

Then, there's another thing that used to terrify me. "After death comes the Judgment." Oh, my friends, I used to be terrified; and I pity those people who through all their lives are under the bondage of death, and all the time afraid of the Judgment.

Listen! Know ye not that ye shall judge the world? I expect to be with Christ on his throne. A true Child of God is never coming into judgment for sin. We are coming into judgment for stewardship and reward. One may be ruler over five cities and another over ten. He entered into judgment for us and died for us, and went to the grave for us, and is up on high for us. That is the Gospel. I don't know any other Gospel, and never have been preaching any other Gospel. I believe the world wants the old gospel, — the gospel that Jesus Christ died in the sinner's place, died in his stead.

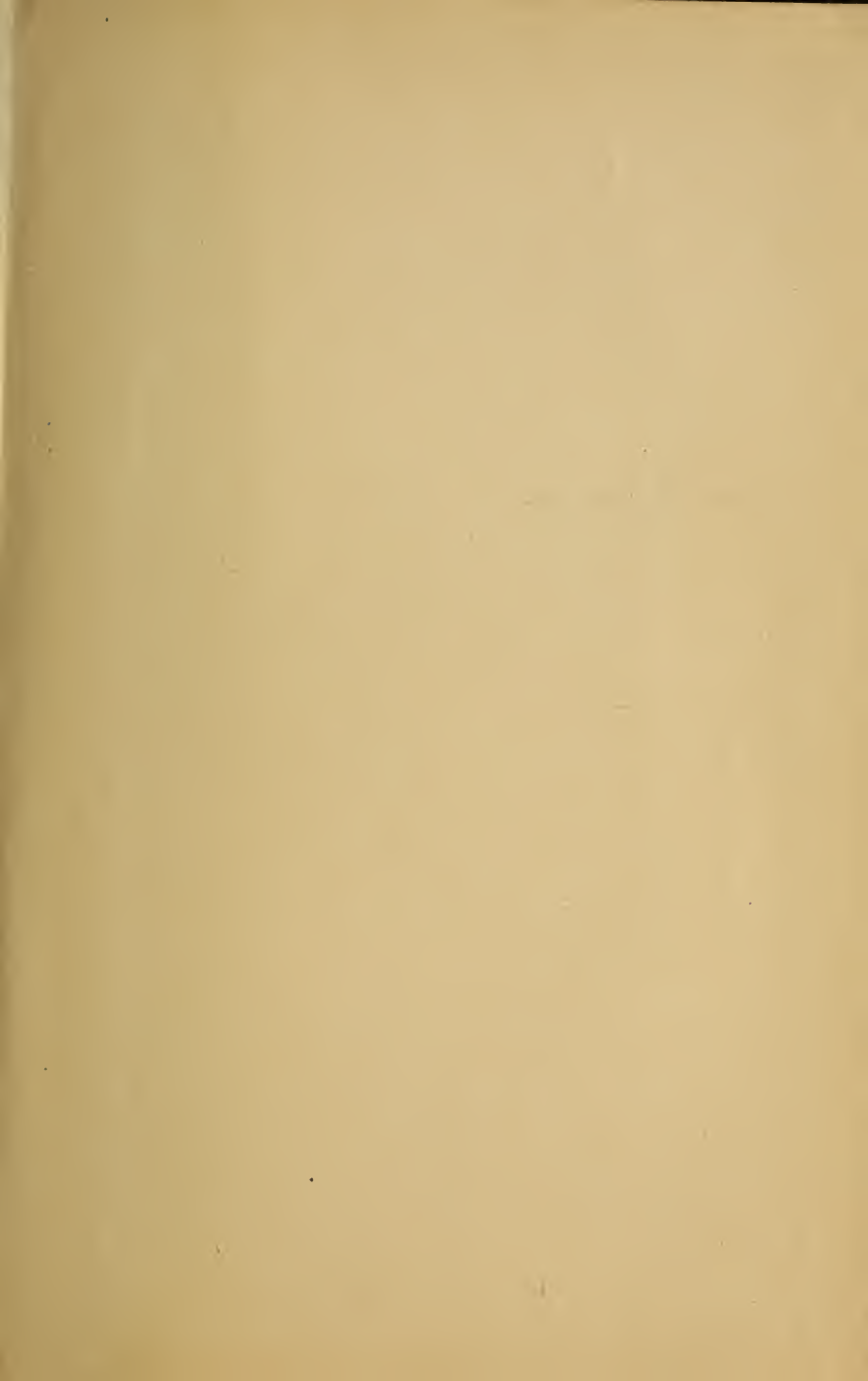
Now, my friends, I want to tell you that Christ has made everything clear right from earth up to heaven, if you will just take Him as your Lord, as your Bishop, your Prophet, your Priest, your King. Ye need not fear death, the

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grave or sin. He will deliver you from the power of sin, if you will let him into your heart, there to take up His abode.

When Governor Pollock was Governor of Pennsylvania, there was a man whose death-warrant he signed. There'd been a great man who had gone to the Governor to see if they could not get a pardon for the young criminal. The young man had a lingering hope that the Governor would pardon him. But the Governor said No. The Governor was a Christian man, and he thought he would go down to the prison where the man was, and talk with him, and tell him that God was merciful and that God might save his soul. He went to the sheriff and introduced himself, and said, "I want you to take me to that man's cell, but don't tell him who I am till I have left town." He was taken into the jail; the iron door opened to the Governor and he passed in and sat down on the iron bedstead and told the prisoner that although he had been condemned by the law of Pennsylvania, there was a merciful God who could save him, and he preached Christ, and read a portion of Scripture, and explained to him the way of life, and he got down and prayed with him. At the appointed time the Governor passed out and went back to Harrisburg. Some days after the sheriff was in the jail, and the con-





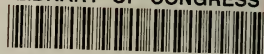
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